SOCIAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD

STUDIES IN HUMAN AND DIVINE INTER-RELATIONSHIP

RUFUS M. JONES
M.A., LITT.D.

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Social Law in the Spiritual World

Studies in
Human and Divine Inter-Relationship

BY
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To

John Wilhelm Rowntree

DEAR FRIEND OVER THE SEA

With whom I have had a new revelation of the riches of human fellowship and the still deeper joy of fellowship with our Divine Companion, these pages are affectionately dedicated.

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"Jesus saith: let not him who seeks . . . cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall wonder, and wondering, he shall reach the kingdom, and, having reached the kingdom, he shall rest."

"*A Saying*" *of Jesus.*

"Quailing at the mighty range
Of secret truths which yearn for birth, I haste
To contemplate undazzled some one truth,
Its bearings and effects alone—at once,
What was a speck expands into a star,
Asking a life to pass exploring thus,
Till I near craze. I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!"

BROWNING'S "*Paracelsus*," Book I.

Introduction.

"We cannot Terminate ourselves in ourselves but we lose ourselves; we cannot be Ultimate and Final to ourselves; who are not Original to ourselves."—BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

"Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe Thy only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to have ascended into the Heavens, so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. Amen."

Collect for Ascension Day.

Introduction.

THOSE of us who have passed the middle point "in the pathway of this our life," vividly remember how twenty years ago Drummond opened a new world to us. It is easy enough now to find defects and limitations in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." But it came at a psychological moment, and it did its work perhaps even more effectively than a better book, that is to say, an exacter one, would have done. Just coming to the end of our college course, we were hanging then mid-air between a Christianity and a science which would not "come together." It seemed that we must give up one or the other.

There are few crises to compare with that which appears when the simple, childhood religion, imbibed at mother's knee and absorbed from early home and church environment, comes into collision with a scientific, solidly-reasoned system which explains the universe, with all its manifold detail, by natural law, and leaves no place in the scheme for the objects of early faith, or for anything which commands worship. At

this crisis Drummond found us and "spoke to our condition." We paid little heed to the defects of his argument. We found at a leap that the two worlds could go together, that science and religion were not two discordant languages, bringing irreconcilable accounts of the nature of things, and that all that we had learned or could learn by studying nature only added to the riches of the knowledge of the glory of God.

We saw that the newer message of science illuminated the older message of salvation, and that the laws of life, discovered in micro-organisms, ran up to the very top of the scale, and appeared again in the highest facts of the spiritual life. "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was quickly superseded, but it had done its work. It was like the drop which the chemist pours into a saturate solution and which instantly produces a precipitate. Before the critics had time to attack it, its main thesis was fastened for ever in the thought of hosts of young men. It quickly became a truism, and one found himself unconsciously making all his discoveries in nature minister to the needs of the soul.

When Drummond wrote his book, the prevailing problems were biological—we were asking how we could get our Christian doctrines of sin and salvation to fit into a system of evolution. That problem no longer exists for most thoughtful persons. The Galilean has conquered again,

has again led captivity captive. Christianity has come out of the struggles of the nineteenth century with larger gains than in any other epoch since the Renaissance, though, as always happens in spiritual victories, the conquerors are also conquered. Christianity has itself been deeply transformed during the period of its recent conquests, perhaps as profoundly as it was transformed in the sixteenth century.

During these twenty years since Drummond's book appeared, the problem has shifted. The Christian minister to-day is not anxiously reading books on biology. The stress lies elsewhere. He is keenly watching the progress of psychology. He is beginning to discover that every one of his precious articles of faith must finally submit to a psychological test. He has weathered geology and biology; can he peradventure bring his ship past this new headland?

It takes little reflection to discover that everything which has been revealed or known, every intimation or utterance, has come through somebody's consciousness. Truth is never found lying ready-made, done up in packages. It is not written for us in mystic letters across the sky. It rises out of somebody's consciousness and gets uttered through somebody's lips. That means that in the last resort we must thoroughly investigate consciousness: Has it any laws? Can we find through it any criterion of reality?

Does it give us any basis of right and wrong, of truth and error? Does our private consciousness spring out of a deeper consciousness? Is mind, or soul, anything more than a comforting *word*, and does not the entire inner life finally reduce to brain vibration, set going by ether vibrations? Or at best, is not the individual mind the creator of its own world and of its own beliefs?

There is no religious view or practice so sacred that it does not sooner or later find itself summoned into the sanctum of the psychologist, where it is calmly asked by what right it continues to survive, and to hold a place in the lives of mankind. Does one wish to know the ground of faith in immortality? He does not weigh Plato's argument from mathematics. He pays little or no attention to any book a quarter of a century old. He is eager to see what the latest psychology has to say. He discovers that he must first find out what it means to be a person, what the inherent nature of personality really is, whether body is ultimate, or whether the self is a deeper ultimate.

So with every other article of faith, or hope. Some insistent questioner is sure to ask, Does it square with the facts of consciousness? We have slowly pushed back from one breastwork about the citadel to another, until we have come at last to the citadel itself. When the authority of the Church was questioned, the defenders of the faith fell back on the authority of Scripture.

When the Scriptures themselves were put in the crucible, the enlightened defenders of the faith calmly said, "the basis of religion, the seat of truth and authority is in the soul itself. Shake everything visible, and still the citadel of the faith will remain among the things which cannot be shaken." But psychology does not spare the citadel itself. It asks all sorts of ultimate questions about this inward "seat of truth and authority"—the soul itself.

It is manifestly impossible to crowd our religious dogmas and our sacred traditions into some compartment impervious to thought or to have them unaffected by the present day studies on the nature of the inner life.* It cannot be done, simply because religion is forever bound up *with* the inner life. It is not something outside the self—to be put on or to be put off—it is an attitude and aspect of this very inner life of man. So that every conclusion which psychology settles has its bearing on religion.

The first effect of applying psychological analysis to these most precious possessions of the race was, as has been the case with all the rising sciences, a strong wave of scepticism. The earlier conclusions made for materialism—a materialism which left scant place for spiritual values and almost no ground for an endless life

* As Lowell said, a generation ago: "Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought."

beyond physical death. It looked as though automaton views of life were to be fastened upon us with irresistible logic, and as though religion would be relegated to the dust-heap of dead superstitions.

These dangers are well passed for most men. The cure for scepticism is always deeper knowledge, and the years have brought it. Now the great task is restatement and reinterpretation in terms of the wider truth which has come to us—a task which is being splendidly accomplished by writers who combine exact scholarship with the rarer gift of prophetic insight. The trouble with many of the best works on these themes is that they are too learned and technical to help the wayfaring man who wants to get the newer insight and who yet cannot find any way to get into the onward moving current. This present book is an attempt to help such persons. It avoids technical terms as much as possible, and it is written in popular rather than in scientific style. It consists of a series of studies on the nature and meaning of personal life, with special emphasis upon their religious implication. As its title implies, it aims to show through psychology, as Drummond showed through biology, that life can be unified from top to bottom, that the laws and principles which our inner life reveals enable us to discover also the nature and spirit of the infinite Person with whom our finite lives are bound up.

The most fruitful outcome of the study of inner, personal life has been the revelation of inherent relationship. Early psychology was individualistic. The individual was treated as though he could be absolutely insulated from all other lives and from the outside world and studied as a discrete entity. Still worse, his inner life was cut up into little independent "faculties," which, too, were studied as though they existed in isolation. This is a dead conception. There are no independent "faculties." Perception, conception, memory, imagination, are all interrelated, and are simply varying functions of one common process. More than that, every mental function must be explained by reference to something, or somebody, outside the inner life of the person who has the mental state—it cannot be understood apart from an environment. Treat a person as an independent "discrete entity," and no explanation can be given for anything that occurs within him. The clearest fact about him is his relationship. He is a social being. All the laws of his life are, in the ultimate analysis, social laws. The very hat which he wears, the smile on his face, the qualm of his conscience, have a social history.

Human life is always some kind of "group" life, and it transcends our powers to imagine any person, high or low, who never had dealings beyond the circle of his own private self. This

idea, that personal life is of necessity *conjunct, i.e.*, in an organic group, will appear in every chapter of this book, and whether the reader follows the writer farther in his conclusions or not, he can hardly fail to come away from his reading without having this idea very much alive within him.

But the fact that *personal life is conjunct* must necessarily have profound religious significance. If man cannot be a self alone, no more can God. Love, if it is to be anything more than a bare abstraction, means that the one who loves, *loves somebody*; that His life is interrelated with other lives. Now this book is written mainly to point out the fact and the extent and the significance of this Divine inter-relationship.

The older views of God regarded Him as being in another world, of totally other nature from our own, and as being so absolute in Himself as to need nothing from us. These views did not fit our New Testament, but had been formed on the basis of a now dead philosophy and had become fixed and traditional. The doctrine of the conjunct and social nature of personality has made them impossible views for those who think. We realise now that our views of God must be grounded in the eternal nature of things and conform to the inherent facts of personal life, and that means that this conjunct, or spiritual "group," characteristic must run up to the

highest scale of life, that even God finds His life and joy by going out of Himself and by bringing other lives to Himself.

In one way or another the *feeling* has been growing that there must be a human side in the Divine nature—that the hard and fast distinction between Deity and humanity is untenable. A God unrelated and absolute turns out to be forever unknowable. The dilemma is unescapable—*either* God is to be thought of as interrelated and conjunct with us, *or* we are compelled to give up finding Him and sink back into a quiescent agnosticism ; for if we did not possess some common qualities, we could not know Him *even though we found Him.* The fact of the Incarnation ought to settle the question for all who accept it as a fact. *It* declares forever that the sharp duality of natures is impossible. Here God and man came together in a single, undivided life. The testimony of historical Christianity is plain and solid.

Our latest science completely fits this testimony and confirms it. It finds everywhere common aspects in God and in man ; it accounts for the facts that God could show Himself humanly and that we have instinctive longings for Him. Its latest word is that *God and man are conjunct.*

Wherever there is the feeblest spark of spiritual life *some social law* is revealed. The poorest

virtue in the list connects its possessor with his fellows. If it is nothing more than *honesty* of which the man boasts, he is honest because he respects what belongs to others, he has guarded the rights and due claims of those among whom he lives. If it is the highest spiritual quality yet discoverable—as holiness, or sympathy—still the social bond is there. *No man can be holy unto himself.* If he sanctifies himself it is for somebody's sake. As there could be no gravitation in a universe which had only one "particle of matter," so there could be nothing properly called "spiritual" in a world which contained only one solitary person. Spiritual facts are bound up with social facts, spiritual laws with social laws. How this is so, the following chapters will sufficiently show.

Such a book as this is written for persons who themselves do some thinking—not for those who are seeking for a volume which will relieve them from mental strain and effort. The reader here must be somewhat of a co-labourer with the writer, if he is to be benefited. He who has not yet reflected upon the problem of knowledge for instance, who has never asked himself how an immaterial spirit not in space can know a physical object in space will hardly be ready for any intelligent consideration of the relation between the person and his world, or for any profoundly spiritual view either of man or God or the cosmos.

He who lives in an easy world devoid of problems, need not enter here. The person who has not yet found any difficulties in his world, has not gone out to sea far enough to discover why compass needles are a necessary part of ship furnishings, and he does not care whether the pole star is unvarying or not. It is the venturous man who has already made discoveries that has many questions to ask of those who have travelled farther.

It is impossible here to give a list of persons and books that have contributed to the making of these pages. I owe a very great debt to my two teachers, Professor G. H. Palmer and Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard. William James, of the same institution, has, through his books, been another teacher of great influence. Professor Baldwin's works on "Mental Development" have brought much light upon many of the matters here treated. John and Edward Caird have helped me more than any other British thinkers of recent times. These chapters have been given in an unfinished form at the Woodbrooke and Scarborough Summer Settlements in England and at the Haverford Summer School in the States. They are now given in fuller form to a wider "group," to a larger public. May they under the Divine blessing and through the Spirit of Truth bring light and help to many who are hungering and thirsting for righteousness.

HAVERFORD, PA., Midsummer, 1904.

The Quest

"Thou hast destroyed it,
The beautiful world,
With powerful fist:
In ruin 'tis hurled,
By the blow of a demigod shattered!
The scattered
Fragments into the void we carry,
Deploring
The beauty perished beyond restoring,
Mightier
For the children of men,
Brightlier
Build it again,
In thine own bosom build it anew!
Bid the new career commence,
With clearer sense,
And the new songs of cheer
Be sung thereto!"

GOETHE'S "*Faust.*"

The Quest.

On every hand we are dinned with the tale that this is a materialistic age. The hurry and rush of men possessed with a passion for wealth are evident enough. The tendency to make the goods of earth the end of human existence is real and ominous. It has lowered the tone of our press. It has allowed the money-changers to put their tables in our council rooms and legislative halls, and it has silently and unconsciously weakened the spiritual fibre of the Church. All this we are forced to admit. Much more than this may be the fact.

And yet this is the astonishing counter-fact: In no age in human history have men been so urgent and insistent with questions on the nature and purposes of God. The great problems which have dignified and exalted our generation have not been engineering problems, but this strenuous and persistent search of mind and heart and will after a living God. Spite of the crowds of easy livers, "untroubled by a spark," this has been a serious and solemn period. We

have been taking life for the most part in dead earnest. There has been no lack of volunteers, ready for cosmic tasks, and a more genuine devotion to *the truth* has never lived in the world. Below the toss and tumble of the light waves which the shifting winds make, there is a steady tidal movement as obedient to the great issues of life as the seas are to the moon. Men are still true to the deep instinct which makes them seek a return *home*. Most persons would "listen on their knees" to anyone who would make God absolutely real to them, so that they could say as John did, "We have beheld His glory." The world is weary of traditional religion, of formalism and hollow words, but most hearts are hungry for that true thing by which life is actually renewed.

To speak of the quest for God as the serious business of our age is in no way to question the reality of the revelation with which this Christian era began. Every serious man to-day realises how profoundly all our thought of God is grounded in the person of Christ and in the truth which His first interpreters declared as facts of their own experience. But nobody else's experience can ever be a substitute for my own. The truth for me must be the truth which I know, not the truth I hear reported as once known by men of an earlier day. "Each generation," as George Macdonald has said, "must do its

own seeking and finding. The fathers having found is only the warrant for the children's search."

To admit that God *was* known in experience, but can now be known only by report, is to cast the deep taint of doubt upon all that is reported of Him. It means either that He has changed so that He cannot show Himself now, or that from the nature of the case man has become incapable of having a revelation of Him, however much God wills to show Himself. On the contrary, the revelation in the first century is the supreme warrant for our faith that God is essentially self-revealing and that man can find Him and know Him and become His organ of manifestation. The nearer we get to the original record and its real meaning, the less is it possible for us to stop *satisfied* with a record. The more profoundly we are impressed with its truth, the more compulsion we feel to possess the experience which flowered into these immortal documents. The belief, then, in the reality of a primitive revelation, far from checking our own quest for God, is just the flame which kindles us with assurance in our own personal quest—a quest which gives life its highest significance.

Then, too, we must not overlook the great complexity of thought in our times as contrasted with the simplicity of the life and thought of those who had the experiences in the Divine

Life which have ever since been the patterns in the mount for us. They knew next to nothing of cosmic systems. They had not taken the first steps in a science which links every fact in the universe in the chains of causality. They are untroubled by the overawing stellar spaces, crowded with world systems in all stages of development—in which swim suns in their genesis, planets growing cold, and stark dead satellites. They could comfortably tuck the entire earth history into the short span of four thousand years, while for us thought and imagination are baffled as they try to follow back the process through a time whose unit of measurement is not years, but millenniums of æons.

History for them was in the main the story of Divine leadings and interventions in the course of the construction and discipline of one little commonwealth. From the nature of the case our thought of God must be somewhat different from theirs. We cannot take over unchanged the gift which they have to bestow. We must perforce live in our world, and our view of God must fit our entire system of thought.

The moral and spiritual character of God, as the New Testament reveals it, leaves nothing further to be desired in that sphere. Until we discover some new human qualities higher than love and tenderness, higher than sacrifice and sympathy, we can hardly hope that a higher idea of

God's nature will be revealed to men than that which was embodied in Jesus Christ and which lives in the great record. The God and Father of Jesus Christ is the God whom we, in our modern quest, want to know, and not another. But we want to know Him in such a way that our knowledge of Him will illumine our whole universe and not drive us into hopeless confusion by leaving us with a divine realm on the one hand yawningly separated from an un-divine compartment on the other.

We have long ago settled the case that our mental life cannot be cut up into a lot of sundered faculties. There is no state of feeling or of volition which is not also thought, there is no thought which has not its aspect of feeling and activity. Mental life is always a unity. When unity is gone, consciousness is gone. So, too, our search for God cannot stop until it has found a Being who is an ultimate unity—toward whom all things set and from whom all things flow: "In whom we live and move and are." He must explain our world of space and time. He must be the spring and motive of our ethical pursuits. He must be the ground and seed of our redeemed and victorious life. He must be no projected shadow of ourselves, but rather the Being in whose light we discover ourselves, and through whom we learn why it is that we love and suffer.

How shall we start to find Him, or to prove that He can be found? Where are we to look for Him? Many have fancied that He could be found at the end of a syllogism; logic could prove His existence and compel all persons who submit to the laws of this exact science to admit it. The argument is very simple. In its simplest form it proceeds from cause to effect. Here is some object. It must have been caused or made. Therefore there must be a First Cause or Maker. This argument is open to all sorts of objections. To pass by some of the profoundest ones, it will be enough to point out here that the most we can legitimately infer from the argument of causation is that back of every event there is an infinite chain of causes. It does not lead us, and never can lead us, to an Absolute Being. If we say that the law of causality leads us to God, we must at once ask what caused Him and what was the cause of that cause. A God who was discovered by the causality argument would, too, of necessity be a finite god, however powerful he might be, and we should have no good ground for saying *he* rather than *it!* Since Kant's time, it has been recognised that there is no logic which can carry us from a finite fact or event to an Absolute Being.

Logic next tries the argument from *design.* Things in our world are adapted to ends. They seem made for uses and functions. Now design

and adaptation presuppose a designer. As the watch implies a watchmaker, so the eye, with its fine adjustment to ether vibrations, implies a creative artist. With purpose everywhere in creation we must acknowledge a Being who planned it. Used in the right way there is no doubt that the argument from ends, or teleology, carries conviction and proves all materialistic views inadequate ; but the argument from design to a personal God does not convince any one who is not already convinced.

In the first place, what *we* call design is the result of an infinite number of selections. Through a series of uncounted years by survivals of the fittest those beings that adjusted to the environment lived and those that did not are not here to show their lack of design. Everything that survived, of necessity had design and adaptation. Then again, design after all is through and through *subjective.* It depends on our personal interests whether we find design or not. If one wishes to make music, a harp is admirably designed for his purpose. If, however, he wishes to cut a walking-stick, the harp which is in his hand lacks design for the end in view. The most that can be proved from design is the fact that man is a being who finds designs and ends and purpose everywhere in *his* world.

Even if he leaps from design to a designer the most he could infer would be that there is, or

was, a great Artist who has forced his thought into the stubborn matter of the world, but the Artist Himself will be forever outside and His character will remain unknown.

Finally logic gives us what is known as the ontological argument, which is hoary with age and sacred because it has supported the faith of many saintly souls. In its simplest form it runs as follows: I find in my thoughts the idea of a perfect Being. Now perfection involves existence, for a being that did not exist would not be as perfect as a being who did exist, therefore this perfect Being the idea of whom is in my thoughts must have real existence. As in both the former arguments, there is also a profound truth involved in the heart of this argument, but as it stands it is not a valid argument. The most we can say is that if we think of a perfect Being, we must *think of Him as existing*. Whether He really does exist or not must be settled in some other way. The logical chain has always proved too weak to carry us from a finite—whether it be an event, or a design, or an idea—to an infinite and absolute reality. If we have no method of "proving" except the method of logic, then it is true that "nothing worth proving can be proved, nor yet disproved."

Long ago we outgrew the naive faith, so comfortable while it lasted, that God may be found as an *object* in the world of space and time. We

do not talk with a visible God in our libraries and in our parlours as Abraham did at his tent door. "I have swept the universe," triumphantly cries the undevout astronomer, "and I nowhere find God." The worker in every department joins in the same voice: "I have dug through all the strata of the earth's crust; found many curious fossils, but nowhere God"; "I have traced back motion to an energy which manifests itself in every atom and which is never wasted, but I have found nothing *but* atom and energy." "I have followed life down its descending scale of differentiation until I have found its primal source in protoplasm, but I have nowhere found anything but natural forces." As of old He is not in the storm, He is not in the earthquake, He is not in the fire. Our rigid methods of scientific research increase our reverence and deepen our solemnity, but they do not and they cannot *find* God for us. Science deals only with describable things, *i.e.*, one thing alongside other things, therefore this quest is not for science.

We prosper hardly better when we turn back to primitive religions, to mythology, folk lore and anthropology. Religion does not declare its secret when it has been traced to its origins (for we cannot say *origin*). Whether man's dreams first made him religious, or his terror in the presence of overwhelming forces, or his inherent tendency to personify everything which manifests

power, he has no more *found* God in any manifestation than we do to-day. On the contrary, religion is to be understood if at all, at its height, not at its origin as all man's spiritual gains must be appreciated. If religion does not find God to-day it never did; and while mythology and anthropology are adding much to our knowledge of man and his stages of development, they cannot discover God for us.

Once all this quest seemed unnecessary; for was not the Church His representative, His earthly vicar? What the Church spoke through its hierarchy was as though God Himself spoke it; what the Church promised was as though promised from the eternal throne. In the bosom of the Church was peace. She could loose and bind, and her shrift was an assurance of entrance at the heavenly gate. It was unnecessary to search for God, for here was His agent who could perform all His offices on earth. He Himself had founded it—the living God. His hands had conferred the mystical power upon the first bishops and they had passed it on through the unbroken line. In the magic sacraments He Himself was present and became a vital part of the worshipper. As in the holy place of the Temple, so at the shrine in the Cathedral, He was manifest. But that easy faith has gone, never to return. No High Church movement can ever bring it back. It is a childhood faith, not for mature men. It may be revived

for a passing hour, but it is as much doomed as the gods of Olympus. The Church may help us, and indeed must help us, to find God, but it shall not and cannot take *His place.* We still demand and seek *Him.*

The difficulty of finding God by logic, or in the empirical world, *i.e.*, in the world of sense-objects, has hurried many thinkers, and some who think very little, into a hasty agnosticism. God is unknowable, in their inference, because, if He is at all, He is beyond the realm which we know. Every fact which we link into our system of knowledge is a *necessary* fact. It has its cause in the natural realm and it can be described without a reference to anything except to other similar facts. We can know only the finite, the caused, the related. Beyond this realm of the natural there *may be* an Absolute Being, worthy of our reverence—a Power which makes for righteousness ; but He, or It, remains and must remain not only unknown, but unknowable. It is this that makes William Watson say :

> "The God I never once behold
> Above the cloud, beneath the clod,
> The unknown God, the unknown God."

It has made the sad, solemn note in both the prose and poetry of some very fine spirits in our own and in a previous generation.

The age-long search lays bare two false conceptions of God. By one group He is conceived

as a Being alongside of other things—an object to be "found." Hard to reach to be sure—like the North Pole, or the top of Mount Everest, but still *there*, in the sky or in the deep; either too near or too far to be easily found.* He is infinitely great and wise. He sees and hears and knows everything. He creates and directs things. He rules all things by laws which He has made, and He interferes, now here, now there, with the "natural" course of the world. The child thinks thus of Him as a superhuman being, living at some particular centre and yet at the same time reaching out to all places in an infinite circumference. Many persons go through life with a similar view. Others lose this childish faith and with it lose their belief in God. He is never "found," perhaps He does not exist:

"The God I never once *behold!*"

The other false conception assumes that because He is not an object in space, not one great Being *among* other beings, therefore He must be in some

* "The fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric Saint,
And at his side we urge to-day,
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

"No outward sign to us is given,
From sea or earth comes no reply;
Hushed, as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly questioned, bends our frozen sky."
WHITTIER, "*The Shadow and the Light.*"

realm *beyond,* in some world which finite beings never enter. Find Him we cannot, for we never go *there.* Know Him we cannot, for "knowledge is of things we see." There is, or may be, beyond all things known and knowable a lonely Absolute, but we have no ladder which reaches up to Him and He never lets down a hand to us. Our "knowledge" can deal only with the finite, and He—He can never become finite. He inhabits the realm of calm *beyond* all that is seen and touched and known:—

"The unknown God, the unknown God."*

But fortunately we *find* many realities in our world that are not "objects in space," that are not "things we see." A world reduced to mere describable things, "things we see," would be a very poor world indeed. It would not only be bare of God, but bare of everything worth living for, or dying for. Such a reduction of "knowledge" would strip away all *ideals.* All that moves us to high endeavour, all that ennobles and sanctifies us disappears. Man on this level would become as uninteresting as a sand-dune, as unspiritual as an extinct volcano on the moon. No, there are other paths to reality, besides this path of

* This view, namely, that God is an Absolute Being, beyond everything which is, or can be, known, has been held by many distinguished persons in every age of human history. It is, however, responsible for very much of the agnosticism which has prevailed, and it has led to the types of "negative mysticism," which will be studied in a later chapter.

"knowledge," which has been reduced to its lowest terms. We do not surrender love and sympathy, goodness and patience, because we cannot dig them up with a pick or find them under the microscope. We look for them where they belong. They are not describable objects in space and time—so big, so long, so high! They are neither "things," nor are they in "a realm *beyond* things." They are *facts of personal life.* They belong in the realm of spirit. We must look *there* for them, and we must use methods of search which suit that realm. To find them we do not arm ourselves with pick or lens or scalpel. We cannot start with brain-cells and then prove by a syllogism that *beyond* these brain-cells there must be goodness and love! We succeed in our search by learning to appreciate character; to feel the significance of deed and action; to estimate the worth of purposes and to value the whole trend of a life.* Here are pathways to reality, methods of knowing which are as safe and sure as any which are labelled "logical." If we *know* the reality of "things we see," no less do we *know* the reality of what we *appreciate* and *act upon.*

If our search for God is to have a happy issue we must *first* resist the tendency to narrow "knowledge." We must rather insist on raising

* Hoeffding has defined religion as *belief in the permanence of values, or of worth.*

it to its highest terms. We must include under the *knowledge-process* our entire capacity for dealing with reality. Secondly, we must look for God where He *could be* found—not in the wide stellar spaces, not "in eagle's wing or insect's eye," not at the end of a logical syllogism. If He is to be found at all we must look for Him in the spiritual realm. We must go at once where spirit manifests itself. All attempts to find God apart from and dissevered from personal life have failed, and of course always will fail. He is surely not less personal than we are. He will at least be as genuinely spiritual as we mortals are!

There is one approach to an infinite realm where God *might be.* There is one door that opens into a holy of holies. The true path is through personality. The search must *begin* in our own bosom: Who am I? What do I live by? What does personality involve? How am I related to my fellows and to nature? What does my sense of worth imply? What do I mean by goodness? Can I draw any finite circle about "myself"? Do I have any dealings with "a Beyond"? These are questions which take us into regions where microscope and telescope do not avail, but the full answer to them would bring us to *that which is.*

I shall make no pretence whatever to anything profound or final. These studies will all be untechnical. I am not writing a metaphysical treatise. I want to help earnest and perplexed

seekers to find a good working conception of God and man's relation to Him. I want to show how interrelated all life is, and I want to indicate how solid the spiritual structure is. The plan of the work involves a study of the meaning and implications of personal life. That will include a study of both the conscious and the subconscious life. I shall examine too the testimony of the mystics—*i.e.*, those persons who have had a private and personal conviction of a Divine Life invading their own, and I shall examine somewhat carefully the significance of the sense of worth or value, under the name of faith, as a way to reality.

We shall see as we proceed that we at least live our lives in a unified spiritual world—that something divine is woven into the texture of our personal lives. We shall steadily find ourselves as we follow facts, moving toward a God who is Spirit, who has been revealed in a Person, and who can be found now because our finite spirits are interrelated with each other and with Him. We shall end with no god of the Olympus type, no capricious being above the cosmic storms and the din of human struggle,* but rather a Person who

* "The belief in gods as individuals resembling human beings, having an empirical existence somewhere, and occasionally acting upon our world, is dying out and will never be revived. And it is immaterial whether we assume several such beings or a single one. A monotheistic scheme, which conceives God as an individual by the side of others and permits him occasionally to act upon the world as upon something external and foreign to him, does not essentially differ from polytheism."—PAULSEN'S "*System of Ethics*," p. 426.

is the living Vine of all the branches of life, the Unity of all truth and beauty and goodness, the Alpha and Omega of all aspiration ; who is revealed wherever love suffers long and is kind ; who shares His life with us ; who suffers in every sorrow and who is known through the same consciousness through which we know ourselves.

The Meaning of Personality

"Man knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beast's: God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

BROWNING'S "*A Death in the Desert.*"

"Say thou, I AM hath sent me."

EXODUS iv. 14.

The Meaning of Personality.

THERE are many things which we know until we are asked. We get on comfortably without beliefs until some inquisitive person asks us to state them, or until our first child begins the well-known cataclysm of questions and whys, and we are left never again quite so sure as before. Those of us who teach are familiar with the honest answer, " I know, but I cannot tell " ; which we refuse to accept, though we inwardly sympathise with the student's difficulty.

We all know well enough what a " person " is until an insistent questioning forces us deeper. But if we are to get any adequate idea of God, we must have just this deeper view of the meaning of personality, for all our search and research are plainly showing us that the one sure path to the divine Person is through the human person. If the inland dweller would bring his boat to the sea, he must perforce explore the river which sets that way.

We all split the universe into a self and a not-self, and this division seems to work well until we ask where the line of cleavage is to be drawn. We

soon discover that there is some of "self" in everything. Is the body the self or the not-self? Is the house I have built, the book I have written, the child who is born to me, *mine* or rather *me?** Everybody knows how a fire, or a financial crisis, or the invisible messenger passes and leaves us shrunken because something of our very self has gone. We could hardly lose the stars without losing something of this real selfhood. This means that we cannot sharply cut asunder the self and the not-self. They are not two independent things so that either would be the same if the other were gone. There are no such things as "an inner world" and "an outer world" which are separable. The world which is our "not-me," that is to say, the stubborn outside world, turns out to be thoroughly soaked full of mind. When we say we "know" this world, we mean that *it is a world which can come into our mind, which can be thought.* It is something *related* to the mind that knows it, and if we took out of it all that is subjective, all that our thought supplies, *i.e.*, all of the "me" that is in it, who can tell what would be left!

But for all practical purposes the contrast between a *person* and a *thing*—between a self and a not-self—is clear enough. The fundamental contrast is the possession of *self-consciousness* by the *person* and the absence of it in the *thing.* Nobody ever was a person without knowing it!

* See Chapter X. in James' "*Psychology*," Vol. I.

The " marks " of personality are (1) power to forecast an end or purpose and to direct action toward it, (2) ability to remember past experiences and to make these memories determine present action, and (3) the power of selecting from among the multitude of objects presented to consciousness that which is of *worth* for the individual. But wherever we discover these " marks " we infer that there is self-consciousness, such as we have ourselves. If we found an individual who could forecast, and remember, and direct action and make selections, and who yet did not know that he knew and did not think that he thought, we should decline to call *him* a person. However important these outer marks or " signs " are, the essential characteristic is a unified self-consciousness.

Now do we know what self-consciousness is? Perfectly well—until we are asked. But a *description* of it is never forthcoming. There is nothing simpler by which we could describe it. It itself is ultimate (at least to us), elementary and unanalysable. It is involved *in* every description we try to give, it is presupposed *in* every effort to grasp it; it must be used *in* every attempt to analyse it. In vain should we try to give any hint of its meaning to a creature which lacked it, and our descriptive phrases are exhausted when we have said, " You yourself know what it is, by having it."

Nobody, then, can be called a "person" unless he bears in the structure of himself these "marks," and still further, unless he knows that he knows. It goes without saying therefore, that even though "poets are born and not made," nobody is *born* "a person." Personality is not a primitive possession; it is slowly achieved. No mortal knows, or even attempts to guess, how it can *begin* to be. The difficulty is as great as the difficulty of conceiving the beginning of the universe. Nor can we put our finger on the exact moment *when* a given individual begins to be a person. It is precisely as easy to decide *when* man arrived in the long chain of evolving life, as it is to say when one who "comes from out the boundless deep" begins to be actually "a person."

The first thing in the way of consciousness is a dim awareness of organic states—a confused mass of immediate experiences, which not only in babyhood, but to the end of life, make up the core of our sense of selfhood. They give us what has been called the "at home" feeling in the body; but these undifferentiated organic states of themselves would never give us selfhood, or at least it would be a selfhood hardly richer than that of a polyp. Mothers and poets alike have noticed that "babies new to earth and sky" have no consciousness of self. They do not say "I," and they apparently do not discover for some time that they are other than the things they

touch. How, out of the mass of subjective states, "common sensations," as they are sometimes called, which mark the twilight period of consciousness, does clear self-consciousness arise? It never *would* arise apart from social influence. It would be as impossible to develop a personality without human society as it would be to convey sound in a vacuum, or to maintain life without atmosphere. The child, if we can imagine him living on without a human environment, would never get beyond what has already been called his "organic self," his awareness of certain "warm and intimate" feelings which give him the sense of "at homeness" in the body, and which probably most animals possess in some degree.*

He becomes truly self-conscious because he is born an organic member in a social whole. Here he learns the contrast between "I" and "thou," "ego" and "alter," and between "self" and "not-self," as we shall see. Almost from the first, as though it were instinctive, the child reacts toward persons differently than toward anything else in his environment. In the second month of life he distinguishes the touch of his mother in the dark, and even earlier than this he has formed a peculiar way of behaving toward persons. But the most decided advance is made through imita-

* "Could a child grow up with lifeless natures," writes a modern pyschologist, "there is nothing to indicate that he would become as self-conscious as is now a fairly educated cat." —ROYCE, "*Studies of Good and Evil*," p. 208.

tion. There are few life-crises to compare in inportance with the "budding" of imitation, which is well under way about the end of the first half-year. Slowly the facts are compelling us to admit that the range and scope of inheritance have been over-emphasised. Much which was thought to be transmitted by heredity, we now know is *gained* by imitation both unconscious and conscious. The child is the most imitative being known to man, and this function of imitation is one of his most effective means for the mastery of the world, but its importance in the formation of self-hood has been frequently overlooked. From the beginning, the child imitates *persons.* They are the fascinating objects whose movements fix his attention. The mother's smile makes him smile. The sad face and drooping lip are quickly imitated after the seventh month. The bodily actions which result from imitation give the child an experience which enables him in some degree to grasp the inner meaning of the persons before him. He imitates their deeds and in the process discovers a new and richer mental life, which furnishes material for interpreting farther the actions of other persons. In these responses to personal expressions there is to be found the nucleus of real emotions and no less surely the nucleus of volition. From now on, the child is not passive amid the play of forces in his environment. He learns to act by imitating actions, and through his actions he grows conscious

of his powers. Thus through these early imitative processes there arises the first germ of conscious distinction between the self and the *other*,* and there dawns also that sense of power on one's own act, which is, in fact, one of the main miracles of life. A little later the child begins his slow mastery of human language, through which, as everybody knows, his mental life is unspeakably heightened and his personality defined. Here again imitation is the main function which makes this new achievement possible. The first words are all easy imitative sounds; then when the great secret is caught, progress becomes rapid; but from beginning to end, language is a social creation and could be attained only in society. Without it the gains of the past could never be inherited and without it very slender contributions could be made to the future, and that would mean that without it, conscious life would shrink into exceedingly narrow limits. The selfhood which we know could never be, without this achievement of self-utterance through social relationship. Every step of progress thus far in the path toward personality is made possible by the social environment, and it can be positively asserted that there can be self-consciousness only through social consciousness.

Now as soon as some small degree of self-consciousness is attained the little "person" begins

* See Baldwin's "*Mental Development*" and Royce's "*Studies of Good and Evil*," pp. 169-248.

to read himself into the persons about him and through his own experiences they become illuminated for him. They do things as he does, therefore they must *feel* as he does. He quickly learns, however, that in his little circle the persons with whom he deals are very different. He finds that he can act toward a little sister differently than he can toward his father. The nurse, too, calls for a different reaction than his mother. He has a small world of selves to react upon and every experience here enriches his own sense of selfhood and helps him define through social constrasts the "I" and the "thou."

Already it is clear enough that the "self" and the "other" are born together, that personal selfhood is organic with the society in which it is formed, but the moment we touch any of the spiritual qualities—even the simplest—which belong to personality it grows clearer still. You cannot sympathise without "another"—another whose inner life you can appreciate and with whom in some real sense you can share. Take away this power of contrasting a self and another with the power of identifying this self and its other, and you have removed all possibility of sympathy. In like manner every possibility of virtue would vanish. But so, too, would the so-called "egoistic tendencies" vanish. Pride and self-esteem and the rest of the list of egoisms go when the contrast of self and other is removed. If I have self-esteem it is because I

read myself off as important in the eyes of others. There is no truth at all in any view which makes egoism more primitive or fundamental than altruism. They are born together and neither can claim the birthright, however much one may get the *blessing* over the other. Take away the *other* and there would never be an *ego*.

The point, then, which these facts out of the life of early childhood establish is this: there is no such thing as bare individuality, nor could society be the result of a "social contract." Individuality does not come first and society next as a product. Society is fundamental, and it is an essential condition for self-consciousness and personality. However contradictory it may sound it is nevertheless a fact that there could be no self without many selves. Self-consciousness is a possible attainment only in a world where it already exists. *Personality at every stage involves interrelation.* An absolutely isolated self is as contradictory as an outside that has no inside. To be a person, then, means to be a conscious member in a social order. Every effort to discover the meaning of personality carries us straight over into the problems of the social life.

The world of nature, too, which is the sphere of all our activities and which we incessantly contrast with the inner self—this seemingly stubborn outer realm owes its reality and order to this same social relationship. Without a

reliance upon the social consciousness I should have no categories for thinking an organised natural world. Its existence can never be severed from that of the social order of which I am a part.

It is because we as persons are interrelated spirits that we have a common world in which we can work out our destinies. We are all inclined to accept "the world beyond us" as though it were given to us just as it is in itself. We get along comfortably with this view, as our far ancestors did with the Ptolemaic astronomy, which made the sun go round the earth, until we *reflect.* It takes very little reflection, however, to disturb us in that easy view. Through our senses, which appear to be our only means of communicating with a world outside, we receive nothing but bare sense qualities, such as redness, loudness, roughness, heaviness, sweetness, pungency, and so following. No "object" from the world outside ever did, or ever could, come into a mind through an organ of sense and "present" itself. Perception of objects is an elaborate process of mental construction out of this "material" which sense furnishes. Our "baby new to earth and sky" has a "colour patch" on his retina when his mother is in the room. But it is a most difficult and complex process to translate this flat colour patch into an "object," and the mystery is that it ever gets done. At first when the mother is near, the *patch* is large, and accordingly the mother is

seen large. When she is distant, the patch is small, and this time she is *seen small.* As she moves her size changes.

No object gets its fixed size until the child has learned how to translate into distance the feeling of the muscle strain which accommodates and converges the eye. Then at length the ether vibrations which come from the mother at any distance are read off as this definite mother of well-known and unchanging size. Of course touch, movements and sound are all the time helping toward this achievement. But to the end of life we have no ultimate proof that objects keep their sizes, except that *we, in common with our fellows,* act upon the supposition that they are approximately unchanging. And the facts seem to bear us out as we act. Our skill in measuring, which more than anything else confirms our belief in the *stability* of objects, is a social triumph and has had a very slow growth. But we never get to know—really to know—objects until we learn their *use* and their *names.* If we suddenly forgot how to use every object which came to our hand or our eye, and at the same time its name refused to rise to thought, we should find ourselves in a world of objects practically unknown to us. But just this power to use and to name is a social attainment. We acquire our skill in "labelling" our objects from our fellows, and without this power our world would largely fall

back into chaos. Everything we know about the world, even the most abstract things—such as laws of motion, ether vibrations, atomic weights, multiplication tables—have become known to us because they fulfil social purposes, and because they are verified in the experience of many persons. It need hardly be said that one person alone in a world would have no laws. Succession of phenomena—if we could grant him phenomena—would be the most he could get. He would have no way of distinguishing the reality of dreams, hallucinations, imaginations, and real objects. They would all stand for him on the same level of objectivity. A *fact* is a fact for us only because it is there for every sane man. Our description of it tallies with what our fellow says he sees. Our hallucination is an hallucination because we can get no one to confirm it. Our belief in the reality of nature is through and through bound up with our belief in the existence of our fellows and in their testimony. Taste and smell do not give us much sense of external reality mainly because we cannot see or feel anybody else taste or smell things, *as* we see them touch and see things.*

* There have been many attempts in fiction to describe the development of a child left on some uninhabited island. One of the most famous of these attempts is in a book called "The History of Hai Eb'n Yockdan, or The Self Taught Philosopher." It was written in Arabic and was translated into English in 1685. Many of its early readers, including Robert Barclay, the Quaker apologist, took it for a true history! It is a feat of metaphysical imagination. The "self-taught philosopher" and the transmutation of lead to gold are on the same level of possibility.

How we come to get an external world at all is a most puzzling question. The easy answer is, of course, something resists us or impinges on us and we infer its reality outside us. We know that we have a mental state, and we infer that it must have been *caused* by something not ourselves. But here we face an overwhelming difficulty. Where did we discover causation—where did we learn that everything is caused ? Not *from* facts in the external world, since it is by means of this very principle of causation that we are supposed to infer an external world. If causation is to be used at all as an argument in the construction of a belief in an external world it must be admitted as a primary and elemental fact of consciousness—not as something derived *from* the world. The world as we know it is a world causally organised—a linked and describable system, where everything is related. But it is what it is for us because this process of organisation and description has had an immemorial social history. We " find " our world largely because it is already *described*, and we can verify our principle of causation in the experience of contemporaries and the records of all who went before. This trust in the experience of others gives us a common world for social duty, and thus we work out our destinies together. We can act together only after experience has given us some unchanging laws which unify our purposes. We can express

ourselves only after we have discovered our common relation to something that will do for a standard between us.

What a world would be out of relation to our common consciousness—a world devoid of laws, a world not causally unified, a world not viewed through our common form of space, a world entirely bare of our "thought elements"—we cannot remotely guess. The world we know is the world which is valid for our common experience. Everything in it is a reality for thought. Everything we know of it turns out to be mental. Even the seemingly stark dead "matter" of which we suppose the world to be made, is matter which is obedient to laws and is soaked with mental qualities and attributes. Is this world which we find in thought the real world, or is there another world out there somewhere beyond, which is non-spiritual but more real—in fact *the real world?* All we can say is that if there is such a world, an independent world beyond, it is for ever unknowable to us. It is as though it were not. From the nature of the case we could not know whether it were or were not. It would be like Alice's "grin without the cat," it would have nothing to express itself through. *Our* world is the one we know. It is the world which rests immovably on the basis of social experience. Examine any object in it and we find our "knowledge" to be rooted in this

immemorial social consciousness, through which we have learned to think. Destroy the social fabric and all that we now call "nature" would vanish as the shadow vanishes when the object which cast it is gone. But note well, the world of nature is not the product of my consciousness or your consciousness, but of *the total whole of consciousness*, and that proves finally to include God.

The world of order and law and beauty is not something which exists apart, something which is *there* before consciousness. It has being and reality only because consciousness has being and reality. The outer and the inner are as much one unity as the convex and concave sides of the sky are one sky. There is no approach to the world at all except through consciousness. We have discovered, however, that our own consciousness is but a fragment. It has its being and reality in a larger whole, without which it could not be.

Our two significant conclusions thus far will, then, be: (1) Personality involves a union in a social, spiritual whole; (2) The very basis and ground of the world we know lies in this fact of interrelated personalities. But a deeper analysis shows that this finite social consciousness is a fragment. A later study will discover that the spiritual relationships, the ethical structure of society, and the solid reality of the universe itself

can be accounted for only on the basis of a Divine Unity in whom all self-conscious persons have their root and life, a living Personality who is what we aim to be.

In the old Norse legend the god Thor tried to empty the drinking-horn in the games of Utgard, but he could not drain it, though he tried long and fiercely. Again, he tried to lift a gigantic cat, but could not with all his god-like strength. He failed because the horn which he tried to drink was the endless ocean, and the cat which he would have lifted was the whole created world—the Midgard serpent with tail in mouth, fit symbol of the infinite circle. So, too, when we essay a word about personality we find ourselves in the mesh of the universe. Each self, which seems so easily girded and spanned, is bound into a system of the world, and if we could drop our plummet down through the deeps of one personality we could tell all the meanings of the visible world, all the problems of social life, and all the secrets of the eternal Personal Self.

The Realisation of Persons.

"The spiritual progress of mankind is an unmeaning phrase unless it means a progress of personal character and to personal character. It is simply unintelligible unless understood to be in the direction of more perfect forms of personal life. . . . This consideration may suggest the true notion of the spiritual relation in which we stand to God; that He is not merely a Being who has made us, in the sense that we exist as objects of the divine consciousness in the same way in which we suppose the system of nature so to exist, but that He is a Being in whom we exist; with whom we are in principle one; with whom the human spirit is identical, in the sense that He is all which the human spirit is capable of becoming."—

T. H. GREEN, in "*Prolegomena to Ethics.*"

The Realisation of Persons.

PERSONALITY, as we have seen, is always an achievement. A Person is the only thing in the universe that can realise itself. But how that which is not yet makes itself to be is a puzzle as old as the world. It helps us but little to say in the Latin phrase, which has often been used to conceal ignorance, that a self-conscious being is *causa sui;* or as Wordsworth puts it in his fine verse:

> "So build we up the being that we are."

How can that which is not cause itself to be? We have traced the early stages of self-consciousness, and we have seen how absolutely dependent the developing self is upon his fellows. But this social influence must not be pushed too far. It is not creative, and it can never *confer* personality. Only in society can personality be won, but it *must be won. The will to be* is something elemental, and until it asserts itself society can do absolutely nothing to make a person. We have found that the inner life first grows defined through a contrast between self and

other. The little imitating subject soon discovers that there are activities and experiences beyond him. He finds himself trying for something not yet *his*. He "projects" something in his fellow which he has not in himself, but which he wants. He now gets the inner feeling of strain and effort which forms the nucleus of volition. In these dim processes the characteristic thing is the contrast between "self" and that which is not "self"—a central core of experience and a something more to be reached for. The final result of these complex actions and corresponding feelings is the power to contrast a present self with a past self and so, too, with a future self. We thus come into possession of that power which the great poets have made so much account of—the power "to look before and after."

A being who lacked this vision of a potential future self could never develop a personality. A feeling of contrast between this present and a possible future is the first requisite for advance. There must be presented to consciousness a better state of existence than has yet been realised. It must appeal to consciousness, furthermore, as a condition which would satisfy if it were put in the place of the actual present state. When we speak, then, of an ideal we never mean a merely possible future state, but a conceived future state which attracts—something inwardly dynamic. Ideals are not bloodless, ineffectual dreams or

fancies which come and go and leave us where we were. Our real ideals are propulsive and directive. They go over into life, and make us what we become. All changes, so far as we know, below the realm of self-consciousness, are changes which are caused by a force acting from behind—*a tergo*, *i.e.*, a force which acts through a causal link. Thus the engine draws the train. The moon moves the tide. The wind blows down the tree. The forces of nature develop the plant. None of these things select or choose. They are caused from without. They are the effects of causes which can be described, and they are effects which can be accurately predicted.

When we pass over from causation acting from behind to changes produced by ideals in front, we cross one of the widest chasms in the world. It is one of those facts which disproves the easy proverb, "Nature abhors breaks." It seems like a passage from one world-system to another world-system of a totally different sort. In one case the moving cause is an actual, existing situation antecedent to the effect; in the other, the moving cause is an unrealised ideal—something which as yet does not exist in the world of describable things at all. We act to realise something which has induced us to act before it existed in the world of things. The entire spiritual development of *persons* is of this *a fronte* type. Below man everything is moved by coercion. If

things are moving toward a goal, they themselves know nothing about it, and it must either be accounted for as an accident or we must admit that from a deeper point of view all causation would be discovered to be toward a goal in front. In this case the end and goal would be present from the first as a directive force in the entire process of evolution.

However that may be—and let the man who soaks his evolutionary terms with purpose pause and reflect—it is certain that in a person the *ought* goes beyond the *is*, the vision of the potential makes the present actual, unsatisfying and insufficient. It stands clear, of course, that no power on earth could force an ideal upon us, nor could the empirical, *i.e.*, the describable world, *give* it to us, for from the nature of the case an ideal transcends everything that is realised. As soon as it is actual it ceases to be an ideal. But on the other hand, ideals are no more to be created out of nothing than a material world is. They are as truly *grounded* in reality as is the simplest actual fact, as the mountain peak is grounded in the common earth. The wish of the beggar produces no horse, the sigh of the old man for the days of his youth puts no vigour into the slow-flowing blood, rather it tends to make him older. The directive and dynamic ideal must spring out of what is. It must not be less true, but more true, than any present fact.

We shall now see how the fact of an ideal takes us again into a social order. The ideal, which rules and sways and so develops a person, is never an individual creation; it has had its birth in society. Existing society always gives the direction to one's aims and it always forms the environment in which our true ideals take shape. As well might one try to build a bridge to the milky way as to try to get self-realisation by ignoring the already accomplished stages of human endeavour and human striving.

Social customs, family traditions, established law, the ideals of art, literature and religion—all these are indispensable to the formation of a personal ideal. We begin to move out from a point which was once the highest goal of some earlier member of the race. The attainments of individuals and of society give body and filling to our purposes. It is in this rich and fertile seed field that our own ideal sprouts forth, and we never get beyond the guidance and direction of what has already been attained. Let him be ever so creative or revolutionary, a man must always bear the birth and nurture marks of his age, and the moment he cuts loose from the social whole, through which he has come to be what he is, he tries to fly in a vacuum. It is impossible to be a person without being in the broad sense a member of society, a citizen of a state, for it is through the organised life of the

world that one comes to himself. It is among men that one learns what he can be. To withdraw into an isolated life to nourish one's noble dreams is to lose the one chance of finding a real ideal which will construct a life. We know nothing of any ideals which have not sprung out of the human struggles of the past.

We gather up the tattered fragments of old papyrus in the hope of catching the secret of a long buried past; we are eager to see what aims and passions and hopes lay at the heart of men then. We dig painfully for the broken bits of clay which reveal the purposes of the old Assyrian warriors because they throw light on the entire meaning of life, ours as well as theirs. All history is sacred history. It is the region out of which the rivers of our own lives have run. History is the merciless judgment-seat where all ideals have been tested, and woe to him who scorns or ignores the decisions of this tribunal. It has taken a thousand years to ripen the idea which we accept almost as instinctive. Whole ages have sifted out the literature by which we form our minds. The standards of taste and of right and wrong which we recognise have come through the testings of long centuries. Our institutions are the embodiment of the ideals of former generations, and they safeguard all our ethical ideals to-day. The home is one of man's supreme creations. It is the expression of human endeavour which began

thousands of years before the earliest clay tablet was scratched. Without it modern morality and our modern ideals would be impossible. The state with its tremendous system of restraining evil action and of serving us in multiform ways is the outgrowth of the efforts of the entire race since man became a social being. It is no invention, no devised arrangement. It is the culmination of slowly-developing ideals. But if we were not organic with this past and with the life of the world these slow gains would be nothing to us. Now they are the very blood of our life.

The Church, or as we should prefer to say, embodied religion in the world, has in the same way become an intimate part of the life we live. These great ideals of life which religion gives us have a racial history, and they come to us with a sanction greater than that of antiquity. We cannot trace them to any human source which is adequate to account for them. Into the atmosphere of religious ideals we are all born. The literature of revelation is put into our hands. The stories of saints and the victories of martyrs are in our nurseries and inspire us from the time thought begins. What we should be without this inheritance of the past, how we should fare if we cut away from the great religious ideals of the race, no one can dimly imagine. The school takes us and drills into us the accumulated gains of man in all the fields of research. The child first

beginning to read learns many facts about nature which escaped the penetrating eye of Aristotle, and the boy reading his school astronomy or physiology laughs at the curious views of Plato. Through the school each generation is helped to master the labours of all its predecessors. We start from the heights which they have reached. In his search for truth in any field the seeker is interrelated with the entire past. He is a member of a whole, and without society he finds no truth whatever. There is then no self-realisation for any individual who is only a bare individual. He can advance toward personality only by being an organic member of a whole.

But, as we have sufficiently seen, society does not *give* us ideals. It gives us only existing, or historical situations. Out of the material of experience we construct ideals. The correlation of forces drives the natural object along the line of least resistance—it goes as it *must*. The dawning person, on the other hand, makes a wholly novel reaction. He perceives the *given* and then thinks beyond it. If that which rises beyond the actual proves attractive he acts to realise it, and in doing so realises himself.

Two principles are fundamental to thought, as fundamental as gravitation to a material world: (1) Every state of consciousness is a unity, *i.e.*, whatever is known together in one whole is a single pulse with the self that knows it, and

(2) in every moment of consciousness thought transcends everything that is given to it. Whatever we unify in this present thought, we think as part of a still larger whole. The very nature of consciousness compels us to go beyond what we have. To know a limit is already to have transcended it! To realise an actual situation is to have seen beyond it. Ideals are thus involved in the very structure of the finite life, and this fact is big with significance for some future insights, which will appear in due time.

Like everything else which figures in human experience, the ideal, which later proves such a dynamic affair, has its day of small things. At first the ideal good is puny and slender and hardly prophetic of much. The first purposive selections are organic and hardly more moral or spiritual than is the blooming of the wild rose. But all movements have their results and leave their associations behind. Little by little impulses get a *value.* They are no longer blind and resistless. Amid the collision of impulses a choice is made because the little being is now able to forecast a *good* which will come from the choice. This good may be soaked with selfishness, but nevertheless the moment of choice is a crisis of stupendous import. In every instance of a choice of some particular thing which is a *good* for us, we are also choosing the particular self which we shall be, and the consequences of our choice react upon us and

teach us, if so be that we are teachable. The world is unspeakably sensitive to our choices. In the gravitate system the earth rises to meet the dropped pebble. Hardly less responsive is the world into which we drop our deed. The stars in their courses fight for us or against us as we choose rightly or wrongly. The entire social world prospers or suffers from our act, and its meaning comes back upon us. Our after-choices are made in the light of these experiences and gradually our ideal of what is good grows clearer.

There is not at first—and perhaps in some persons never—a great ground-swell which sweeps through the entire being and guides all our acts as the magnetic pole draws all needles toward itself. Rather our ideal is a steadily moving one, which shapes itself as we live. We act each time to realise something not yet actual, but whose actuality is presented to us as a good ; and that attainment helps us define our ideal still farther. It is formed in much the same way the artist's ideal is formed. He does not create at a jet. As he works upon his material, the outlines of form which were first shadowy grow sharp and clear. He discovers what he really *meant* all the time, though his vision was too weak to image it until he had the help of the partly formed matter to guide him. So too, the poet's plot grows as the characters begin to take shape in the early scenes. Somewhat

so we use the concrete goods which we have already realised, as stepping-stones to a *highest good* which is not yet on land or sea, which touches every aim of our life and gives system and unity to all our choices. Every rational act of ours helps make this ideal *actual in our lives*, and as fast as it becomes real in us, we realise ourselves as persons.

But the path is sadly strewn with blunders. There are only *some* ideals which nature and society will allow us to realise, and all ideals are likely to encounter obstacles. We must discover amid pains and perils the possible line of march, and we must be resolute enough to go on in spite of stubborn and relentless hindrances. The world has a solid structure which must perforce be adjusted to. Nature weeds out those who blindly beat their heads against her thick-bossed shield. In a thousand ways society impresses its "thou shalt not" upon the newcomer and he learns which ideals are "live" and which are "dead" for the world into which he has come.

But society does not stop with these methods of restraint. It has slowly through the centuries organised a marvellous system of education. It tells the learner what the race has learned. It trains him to forecast results without the pains and penalties of personal experience. It presents to him the ideals of the past, the fruit of the ages. It brings him into the presence of great pattern lives which reveal a high and noble type to aim

at. It trains and disciplines him for an occupation which will give scope for his capacities.

Self-realisation is, in fact, never well under way until the person finds the task for which he is fitted and begins to make his positive contribution to the work of the world. Only by means of well-directed labour can one find his place in the social order, or discover what it is possible for him to become. The inner life develops mainly through motor activities which are guided and disciplined by a fixed occupation. All labour directed by the reason and performed for the common good tends to bring the true end and purpose of life into clearer view. This again carries us out of the isolated life into a common social order in which our tasks all lie. In this busy world of toiling men there is an ascending hierarchy of persons taking their part. At the bottom is the pitiable individual who turns his work into grinding servitude and labours sullenly with the sole aim of keeping his body alive. At the top is the consecrated spirit who throbs with joy and love as he does the best within him to add his contribution to the growing spiritual life of the world. But whether high or low in the scale, whether working to keep soul and body together, or devoting our powers to advancing the Kingdom of God, we are organic parts of a social whole, and the ideal that is directive for us has been shaped

by our actions and reactions with other finite spirits.

Already it grows clear that Personality is not and cannot be static. It is a moving affair—always, and at every stage, prophetic of more yet. "Selfhood," Fichte says rightly, "is endless seeking to be a self." No attainment, no reaching of goals ever exhausts the possibilities of Personality. Here again we have a reversal of the "natural" order.

In the physical universe we seem to have a running-down system. There is onward movement, but only within limits. The movement is all one way—towards condensation and loss of heat. The processes are not circular. The radiated heat never returns, and the period of physical life in the solar system *appears* limited. Wherever there is a physical life there are limits to development. All activity tends to check further activity. Within certain limits exercise constructs the body, it is true, but we soon reach the point where the running down begins. The movement of the hand that raises the food to the mouth wears out the body, the very process of digestion which keeps us going also wears us out. After the short period is passed during which our activities seem to store up gains, we reach the watershed of life and a reverse process becomes apparent. Every activity checks rather than constructs. Every strenuous effort leaves us with

a loss of capital force. We see that every burning of life's lamp uses up our limited supply of oil, and, whether wise or foolish, we cannot go to them that sell and buy more. At length the running down is completed and there is a full stop.

In the inner, or spiritual life, we find exactly the opposite principle to this one of checkage at work. Here all gains are capitalised. Everything we get helps us to get more. Every victory confers power for further victory. In Paul's great phrase, which is literally true: "We are more than conquerors." The things that once were hard duties which we did by sheer effort, we do now almost by second nature, somewhat as we wind our watches. Once we had to hold ourselves to the truth by main force, now truth is formed in the inward parts. Long ago most of us stopped thinking of our characters or of the aim at sainthood. We have discovered that those things take care of themselves, or rather are taken care of in the spiritual order. By a very necessity in the inner nature of things the gains from our deeds are conserved and builded into the advancing power of life. The reward of overcoming is a "crown of life" which simply means more life—life fulfilled. Those who attain receive "the morning star," which is the dawn promise of a new day for further advance. So far as we can discover, the life of the true self is cumulative. It carries its past with it and gathers

momentum as it goes. Still and forever the reach exceeds the grasp.

It is impossible to see what end there could be to personality. As far as ever we can follow it out we discover only increasing possibilities. It seems like a number system, in which however far you have counted, you can always add one more number. There never could be a last number. There could no more be a terminal limit to personality. To be a person is to see something beyond the present attainment. If we were as persons, nothing but curious functions of bodies, then of course we should cease with the dissolution of the body, as the iridescent colours vanish when the bubble bursts. But if rather the body is only a medium for giving temporal manifestation to that which is essentially spirit, the falling away of the body may be only a stage in the process, like the bursting of the chrysalis by the insect which was *meant* to have wings and to live on flowers. The fact is, personality gets no sufficient *origin* in the phenomenal world ; nothing here explains it. From the first it trails clouds of glory. Even the budding personality betrays an infinite background and suggests an infinite foreground. What we really have, when the person appears, is the self-consciousness of the world manifest at a focus point—a unique expression of the eternal Self—set free to make his individual contribution to the world of spiritual

Being. He may submerge himself in the show-world of sense and time, or he may live for the eternal which is constantly hinted to him in the spiritual ideals of life. As he pursues the path of increasing life, he finds himself drawing upon an unseen source, and he discovers that *his life is* enwrapped and enfolded in a limitless Life.

We shall see, as we go on with our further study, that the ideals by which the self is realised not only involve an organic social order, but carry also in them the implications of an infinite Self through whom and to whom we are.

Self-Sacrifice

"He that has lived for the lust of the minute and died, in the doing it, flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross till Self died out, in the love of his kind,
What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?
What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?—
* * * * * * * * * *
Peace, let it be! for I loved him and love him forever: the dead are not dead, but alive."

TENNYSON'S "*Vastness.*"

Self-Sacrifice

THE goal of personal life is realisation of the self. Wherever there is life at all there is effort, strain, struggle to be. Every little creature which comes into the world is furnished with instincts that work toward guarding and furthering existence. "Thou shalt strive to be," is a law older than the tables of Sinai. It is written invisibly in the structure of the cell. On each higher level of life this fundamental principle shows higher significance, but it is nowhere absent. "Thou shalt become a person" is the unending oracle which speaks to the soul of man from every holy place in the universe. The most ancient heavens and the voice within alike are pressing upon the dawning self the call to develop a unique personality. There are few more awe-inspiring events than the budding of self-affirmation in the little child. Blindly his instincts have pushed him toward the mother's breast and have guarded his slender thread of life when nobody could have saved him, if he had not, without knowing it, saved himself. His eyes have obediently followed

the bright light, the striking colour, and, by a tendency more primitive than will, he has found out how to perceive objects. Through imitation, which underlay all conscious acts, he has caught the first meanings of personality, and has won the little stock with which he can begin life's business for himself. One fine day, not announced beforehand, he makes his surprising *début*. He asserts his *will*. "I am somebody and I am resolved to be more of a somebody" is what he is trying to say. He is no longer a centre of instincts. He has begun to *affirm* himself. All the mysteries of self-direction and self-assertion have appeared in the little life. He will never again quite passively let the world make him as it wishes. He has become a factor in his own making. He has started out with sufficient stubbornness to assert and maintain his own uniqueness. This will to be is the very core of ethics, and without it life would lose its significant and dramatic element.

But by itself it would be a self-destructive principle. Made into a universal law it would produce a monster—a bare, isolated individual. No amount of planing or shaving ever gets a board so thin that it has but one side! A board with only one side is an absurdity! But that is no more absurd than an isolated individual who has solely and exclusively *asserted himself*, who has aimed at solitary self-realisation. Only the maddest insanity could exhibit such a specimen.

Involved in the very heart of life itself is another principle as fundamental as self-assertion. It may be called self-surrender or self-sacrifice. Whatever it is named, it is the altruistic attitude and endeavour. It is not a late reversal of nature's primary law, struggle for existence, as some have supposed. It is not something which has come in "afterwards." It is structural like the other principle. Without surrender and sacrifice nobody could be a person at all. The world through and through has its centripetal and centrifugal forces, and chaos would come if either force vanished.

Those who have called self-sacrifice irrational or supra-rational have failed to note that bare self-assertion is just as irrational. No real personal qualities could be won on either tack pursued alone. Without gravitation, William James says the world would be "an insane sand-heap." Yes, and without centrifugal force it would be an insane undifferentiated-lump. If self-sacrifice is, as we are told, "glorious madness," then certainly undeviating self-assertion is inglorious madness. Either path leads alike to annihilation. Both end alike "in the dark night where all cows are black." We have come upon one of those deep paradoxes of life. To become a person one must both affirm and deny himself. One involves the other. They are not totally different things. They are diverse aspects of the same thing. They

belong together as indissolubly as the two sides of the board do.

To get we must also give, to advance we must surrender, to gain we must lose, to attain we must resign. From the nature of things life means choice and selection, and every positive choice negates all other possibilities. Every choice runs a line of cleavage through the entire universe. If I take *this,* I give *that.* The young man who has just completed his education and is facing this rich and complex life of the world feels that all things are possible to him. He can be anything he chooses. There are a thousand possible careers and they are all attractive. But some day he *makes* his difficult choice. He decides to be a specialist in Greek philology. This choice compels him to sacrifice the nine hundred and ninety-nine other possible careers. Realisation by a stern necessity means limitation. To go north limits one from going south. To enter the spiritual contests for an incorruptible crown limits one from being an easy pleasure-seeker. As of old, so to the end of time, it is impossible to serve both God and mammon. Now in all these choices we get what we want, but at the same time we often, perhaps generally, give up what we also want. Our choice entails a real loss, and this hard fact, that each choice strips off a whole world of possibilities, has often figured in the pessimist's list of woes. Whether it shall be reckoned among

the evils or the goods of life—as a debit or a credit in our earthly stock-taking—will depend on the further question, whether we fix our thought on what we are getting, or on what we are losing—on our self-realisation, or on the things which it forces us to drop.

From this latter approach self-sacrifice makes us dwell on our finiteness, it compels us to note that we reach any goal whatever through an endless process of limitations, over a path strewn with dead possibilities. From another approach, as we shall see, it carries with it the implications of an infinite relationship. The person who seriously aims at any end which can be called good must surrender something and must reach beyond the bare "I" and "me."

Nothing at all can be achieved within the solitary circle of the self. Such an undertaking is as impossible as the gymnastic feat of lifting oneself by the boot-straps. The life of a person is a bundle of relationships. He has received from everybody, living and dead, who by any possibility could open a line of communication or influence with him. There is undoubtedly something personal, private and unique in his selfhood. Environment does not account for him. But he can *find* nothing in himself which he has not received. There is another's mark on every good which he possesses. Nebuchadnezzar's boast he may never apply to himself, "See this

great person that I have builded." The self-made man is harder to find than the missing link. There simply cannot be such a "creature." All other lives have helped make his life. All other selves have helped constitute his self. Strip him of what he has received and he would perish with poverty and nakedness. There is no such thing as an atomic ego—existing as a bare and separate entity. It is as much a fiction of abstraction as is the atom of physics. The personal self is like the brain-cell, to be revealed only as it functions in a whole made up of beings like itself. The whole is the ultimate reality, and the individual exists only because the whole does. Now in the light of this truth we must study self-sacrifice.

The "isolated self" is no more real than the "conjunct self."* Cut apart they are both abstractions. Neither can be, nor be realised, without the other. To live for the isolated self would be to lose the conjunct self, but at the same time to lose the isolated self too! The complete egoist annihilates himself. It is therefore not irrational to prefer the conjunct self to the isolated self—it is the height of rationality. †

* This term, "conjunct self," is borrowed from my esteemed teacher, Professor George H. Palmer.

† Schopenhauer, who takes the diametrically opposite view to the one I am expressing and who regards self-sacrifice as "unnatural" and supra-rational, says: "The natural man would, if forced to choose between his own destruction and that of the world, annihilate the whole universe merely for the sake of preserving himself, this drop in the ocean, a little while longer."

We lose one self to save another self. The mother's sacrifice illustrates it. She is not herself with her child gone. The sacrifice that saves the child is for her the only path by which she can realise the self which she wants. Here is the pathetic story of a little boy who was picked up in the water, from the burning steamer "General Slocum": "My mother gave me a life-preserver, that's how I got saved," said the little fellow, whose name was Müller. "I guess she did not have none herself, 'cause they can't find her." The patriot carries us a step farther. He finds his real self in a country free and united. Without this his isolated self is of little worth. He dies to the one to win the other. The martyr does not care for his life if it is to be cut apart from the truth he loves, *i.e.*, from the ideal society to which through his truth he belongs. He dies to the one in the hope of saving the other. The saint has become a member of an invisible kingdom which is his supreme reality; he dies to the existence of sense that he may live to his conjunct self where life is full.

Every instance of self-sacrifice, which is calm and full of purpose, is of this nature. To the sympathetic spirit every child is in some sense an *own* child. One cannot see it lost without losing something of his real self. To the true citizen of a state every situation which affects the welfare of the state makes its call upon him

and he must decide where his duty lies. In every age there comes the immemorial contest "betwixt old systems and the *Word*." Each one of us must side with truth as we see it, and in these choices the free soul must always have his taste of martyrdom. But here again he prefers his self plus this truth, to his narrow, shrunk self without it. The same principle is involved in all genuine friendship. Love always "smites the chord of self," but it passes out of sight only to reappear in a higher kind of self.

> "So they loved, as love in twain
> Had the essence but in one;
> Two distincts, division none
> Number there in love was slain."

Nobody can have the gains of friendship, the glorious gift of love, who cannot surrender. He who stubbornly stands guard over the "me" and the "mine" is forever denied these supreme blessings. The friend, the lover, loses his isolated self and finds himself anew in a conjunct self, which "neither two nor one is called."

All work demands self-sacrifice. Nothing can be produced which contributes to the world unless the worker puts himself into his product. He must resist all temptation to get a quick product. He must painfully learn from others, give up his capricious ideas, surrender his personal likes, become an organ of humanity. He must make what the world can use; he must gain skill at

uninteresting tasks. The successful worker has sacrificed half a lifetime learning how to do his day's work. Yes, but he has been winning a new self while the slow sacrifice has been going on. While he has been giving up he has been getting. Through the denial and surrender he has affirmed himself. He has lost his solitary self and found himself in the conjunct life into which through his labour he has poured himself. The search for truth exhibits this principle in still clearer light. The truth-seeker in any field cannot think anything he happens to like or fancy. He cannot "hold his own views." He must surrender his prejudices, sacrifice his pet ideas and his precious theories. He must find out what is *there*, in the world beyond him. He must conform his view and his theories to *that*. The comfortable arm-chair thinker who spins his science and philosophy out of his own head discovers quickly how absolutely the world ignores him, how unreal his pretty rainbows are. Truth, with its permanent aspects, is never found that way. Every inch of advance in her realm is won by self-surrender and by patient sacrifice. Truth is found only by those who can come out of self and enter, at some door, into the universal life. But what a glorification and affirmation of the real self such a pursuit is! What riches there are in this wide life into which the private self merges itself, and how it comes to its realisation along this path of surrender!

This principle, too, throws light upon the great facts of conscience and obligation—the most august facts which we ever meet in our human experiences. Here we discover a will which seems other than our own, an authoritative call which appears to come from beyond us. Deep calls unto deep. This voice of duty defies analysis. We cannot discover its origin either in the race or in the individual. All naturalistic explanations have broken down at some point when all the facts were marshalled. The self-conscious being always manifests as marked a sense of difference between rightness and wrongness as between up and down. The form of *oughtness* seems as original as the form of space or of time. But our actual, concrete conscience, which we obey or disobey, is a product of the organic social life of which we have spoken so much. Until one is consciously or subconsciously a part in a whole, he can know no call to surrender his momentary impulses for more universal ends.

The child who, without knowing it, is catching by imitation the thousand little movements and expressions which are habitual to the members of his family is also becoming responsive to the social and moral and religious customs of the environment. They are, beyond his knowing, concretely filling his form of "oughtness." The conjunct self is realising itself in a new person. The higher will of the whole is organising a new

instrument for itself, and without disrupting his very personality the individual cannot cut himself apart from the society which has educated him. Till he has killed out his selfhood, he cannot kill out the calls of the conjunct self.

So sacred and august has the voice seemed that in all ages it has been clothed with divine sanction, and the man who obeyed or disobeyed felt in a deep and overwhelming sense that he had said "yes" or "no" to God. So in fact had he, for we shall see that the step is short from this conjunct self to the infinite Companion—the divine Other who is nearer than our neighbour.

All self-sacrifice, of the voluntary sort, comes essentially and rationally from the fact that all self-conscious beings are tied in together as the word "obligation" suggests and are realising their lives together. It is this fact, too, that makes life such a dramatic and often tragic affair. We cannot live to ourselves, we cannot die to ourselves; we cannot sin to ourselves, or cleanse our hearts from sin all to ourselves. Life cannot escape the principle of vicariousness which is woven into all its strands. The wine-press which is trodden alone squeezes out wine which gladdens men's hearts forever, and becomes the precious possession of the race. The higher the person in the scale of the spiritual life the more insistent will be the calls to self-sacrifice and the more striking becomes the significance of vicariousness.

The deepest note of the Gospel,—namely, that God suffers with us and for us,—is also the deepest fact of all life. The prophet felt the truth, Christ revealed it in the culmination of His life, and now our social ethics has come upon the same truth by an independent path of scientific study. There can be no spiritual being, whether he be the immature and embryonic saint, or the Infinite Father, who does not go out of his isolated selfhood to win his life in others, who does not share his life to gain a spiritual fellowship, who does not endure suffering to produce a more universal joy.

But before this, someone has surely been asking: "On this basis is not self-sacrifice another form of self-seeking?" We always, it is admitted, do what we want most to do. We give up to get. We surrender to realise. Is not this selfishness on a new level? Does not this seeming altruism, like a Proteus, turn into a veritable egoism? Altruism and egoism are as relative as are the directions right and left. They mean nothing by themselves. All altruism is more or less egoistic; all egoism is more or less altruistic. We cannot tell which term to apply until we know *what end is sought.*

Many a canonised saint has been egoistic; many a man whom society has condemned has been altruistic. In genuine self-sacrifice the aim centres not on the "me," but on an end which seems foreign to our own welfare. The deed is sufficient

in itself, and for the moment absorbs the doer of it. We lose thought of self in the end which we seek to realise. We do not think of its rebound upon us. We are not remotely calculating the cubits which this will add to our self-realisation. Two things fill our thought—what *we* are losing and what we are giving somebody else, though in all our more glorified acts there is little consciousness of mine and thine—the self and the other are one, and we are only aware that this is the thing to do—"how otherwise!"

In every case where we obey the call of the whole and surrender the isolated self for the true self we do get satisfaction, but we did not aim at it. The terminus of our desire is the deed. We stake ourselves—to live or to die—for some hard thing, not to have men say "he did it," not to have the thrill of burning up to light the world—but to do the deed and to light the world. We do the deed because our life is inseparably one with those whose lives will benefit by the deed, and we have no eye half turned toward a halo.

But this discussion makes us aware that the negative word "self-sacrifice" is not a very appropriate term for the great positive fact which we are considering. It turns attention to the loss rather than to the gain, to the surrender rather than to the attainment. Consecration is a better word, though perhaps at first it sounds too exalted. It is, however, no rare and uncommon thing. It

is a feature of the most ordinary person's life, and it rises to all degrees as we go up the scale of personality.

There is some *affirmation* in every act of sacrifice and no man can make a fine sacrifice until he has a true value of himself.*

The sweeper of the city street who sweeps in the dark corner where no inspector comes, simply because it is his business to have the streets clean, has a touch of this consecration on him. The lighthouse-keeper who rows out night after night to the lonely rock, though he knows that for weeks together no ship goes by his coast, and who does it because he is counted on for *that*, is in the same list.

The shoemaker in the little inland town who makes an honest shoe for some unknown customer across the world and who feels the sacredness of his work, is in his humble way consecrated. The scientist who counts nothing too hard in his unwearied struggle to win one more secret from the unknown that he may add it to the slowly-growing total of human knowledge is to be enrolled among those who are consecrated.

* "Every self-sacrifice is at the same time self-preservation, namely, preservation of the *ideal* self; indeed it is the proudest kind of self-assertion for me to sacrifice myself, for me to stake my life, in battling for a good which I esteem higher than my life."—Paulsen's "*A System of Ethics*," p. 389. He also points out the further fact that even the *bad* action involves sacrifice. "The traitor sacrifices his friend, or his reputation, or his people for thirty pieces of silver; he, too, would rather have the thirty pieces of silver *without the sacrifice*."

The daughter who smothers all her own personal dreams to care for an invalid mother or a widowed father, the reformer who spends his days studying the slums that he may hasten the day when there shall be no slums, the Christian teacher who counts no obstacle too difficult if so be he may make one more person enter into the real meaning of the love of Christ—all these are examples of consecration.

It shines out everywhere like the stars over our heads and it is so common that it is often not noticed. But it is a fact which needs to be accounted for as much as these same overhead stars do. It has not come out of nothing. You may reduce the tangible world to matter and motion if you will, and say over your gigantic dust-heap of a cosmos, "This is nothing but a mechanical arrangement of atoms," but what will you do with this fact of consecration. Men live all the time for something not themselves. It is involved in all personal life. There is no realisation without it.

What shall we say, then? There is but one answer. Love and devotion are the tremendous facts of life. Wherever the person is they appear, as does gravitation where the particles of matter are. They show that spite of seeming independence and isolation our spiritual lives are conjunct. We find our joy in giving as God does, because after all the giver and receiver are all one in the deeper spiritual unity, and he that loveth is in very fact "of God," and well on the way home.

The Subconscious Life

"I know of a case where an old man of the lower classes, on his deathbed, was heard suddenly to recite several Greek passages in the most elegant Greek. As it was generally known that he understood not a word of Greek, this occurrence was considered miraculous, and was at once exploited by shrewd wags at the expense of the more credulous. Unfortunately for them, however, it was presently discovered that in his boyhood he was compelled to memorise and to declaim Greek sentences, serving in this way as an inspiring influence to a high-born dullard. He had thus, it would appear, acquired a smattering of Greek phraseology in a purely mechanical manner, without ever understanding a word of it. Not until he lay at the point of death, some fifty years later, did these meaningless words come up again out of his memory and force themselves into utterance."—"*Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann.*"

The Subconscious Life.

We have been finding in our previous studies that personal self-consciousness is a mere fragment of a larger social group which in turn is also a fragment of a still more inclusive whole. It may help us clear up our thinking if we examine briefly how the luminous peak of our own consciousness rises out of a larger realm of life which, though below the threshold of consciousness,* plays a momentous part in the drama of earthly being.

It is now a truism that our personal self is at every moment wider than we know and larger than any manifestation of itself. Our clear consciousness is always a selection from an enormously wider stream of subconscious, or undifferentiated, material for thought. If *one* thought occupies the window all other potential thoughts must

* The term "threshold of consciousness," used here somewhat loosely and not quite in its strict psychological usage, means the lowest possible degree of awareness. Any influences or "experiences" below the threshold would not be known in consciousness. Anything which rises to the degree of awareness has passed the threshold. The term "subconscious" or "subliminal" therefore means below the level of awareness.

stay below, or wait their turn. In fact the experiences of the most simple normal life of any individual no less than the manifestations of the extremely abnormal cases of "possession" and "double personality" alike show that the margins of the self sweep out indefinitely beyond the horizon which our consciousness illumines.

"Beneath the stream, shallow and light, of what we say we feel,
Beneath the stream, as light, of what we think we feel,
There flows with noiseless current, obscure and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed."*

The iceberg with its peak of blue ice shining in the sun carries an enormously greater bulk of ice submerged below the surface. Around the gulf stream of warm tropic water there is a whole ocean of cold water which has no current of its own. Beneath the lava which spouts into view through the volcano there is a molten core of earth which presses up from unexplored depths. Somewhat so the self we know is related to a larger life, which belongs to it, is in some sense its own, and yet lies below the margin of the primary consciousness.†

* Matthew Arnold.

† It is impossible to put facts of the "inner life" into a diagram. But a "pictorial image" may possibly suggest the idea here a little better. In the figure (*a*) shows the "peak" of consciousness. Around it (*b*) are the "dying peak" and the "dawning peak," *i.e.*, the one which has *just now* prevailed, and the one which will succeed *next*. The thought of any moment is influenced by what is just dying out and by what is just coming

It has well been likened to the colour band of the spectrum. Beyond each end—the red and the violet—there are vibrations which give *us* no colours. At the red end the vibrations are too slow, at the violet end too rapid for our retina to turn them into colour. But there they are as real in fact as is the most brilliant band in the spectrum. So, too, we have learned that there are *mental* phenomena beyond our conscious horizon as unmistakably as within this horizon, and without the "beyond" we should not have the "within." There are two ways of studying the phenomena of the subconscious, or subliminal, life :* (1) Through the experiences of ordinary normal persons, and (2) through the states and experiences which are usually called abnormal or supernormal. We will take the normal states first.

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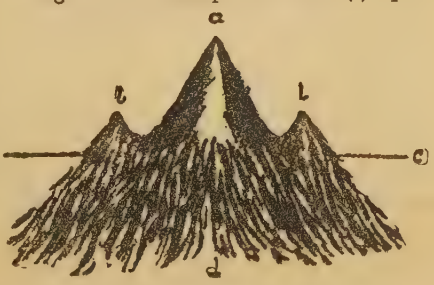
in. This makes the "fringe" around the peak Then (*c*) represents the "threshold" or horizon of consciousness. Submerged below this line there lies (*d*) the vast realm of the subconscious which, for all we know, borders upon the infinite Life, *rises out of it*, and may receive "incursions" from it.



* I shall avoid using the expression the sub-conscious, or subliminal, "self," for I do not wish to imply that the mental life below the threshold is a different "self" from the one above the threshold.

Every act of perception focuses consciousness on some definite object which seems to fill the thought, but it is easy to show that this object in consciousness always has its fringe or margin. In our field of vision there is always more than we know we *see*. Objects or circumstances which do not come to clear consciousness make their influence felt and get "a standing," though their presence is not *acknowledged*. The blueness of the sky, or the heavy mist of the day, is present in the background of our consciousness throughout the day, and though we may not once make sky or mist the subject of conversation, or definite object of thought, it will contribute to our mood, influence our decisions and be a factor in all we do or think.

There are many ways of proving that our eyes *see* more than our minds take account of. Not infrequently in laboratory experiments where the gaze has been focussed upon some small object, in the "after-image," which comes as the eyes are rested, objects appear which had not been noticed at all while attention was occupied with the central object. Crystal-gazing has given us much light in this interesting field. Most of the pictures which the gazer sees in the crystal ball are objects which were within the field of vision, but escaped notice or were too dim to fix attention.

An English lady, whose experiments with the crystal have been very successful, relates that one day she saw in the crystal the picture of a young

girl who was an intimate friend of hers, and she observed that the girl's hair, which had always hung down her back, was now put up in young lady fashion. The next day her young friend reproached her for having passed her in the street without noticing her, when she particularly wanted to be noticed because she had just put up her hair!

At another time she saw in her crystal the words, "The Valley of Lilies," which proved to be the title of a book which someone had laid on her table without her knowing it, and too far distant from where she sat for her to see the words with her normal vision. There is nothing "uncanny" about this crystal-gazing, and it only gives marked emphasis to facts which the most ordinary experience gives testimony to. Every conversation bears witness to the presence of "marginal objects," objects which are out of focus, and impressions which have not yet come to full birth in ideas. In fact the very reason we turn from the present object of vision to a new one is that the second object has already been felt in the margin of vision before it is really perceived.

The same situation applies to all the other senses. A thousand noises are reaching us while we are listening to one particular sound. Often when we are listening to the conversation of one person, in a room full of confused talk, we catch the sound of our own name, pronounced amid the babel. Nothing else had apparently reached us. If,

however, we were hypnotised the interesting fact would be revealed that we could relate much of the conversation which led up to the name and which our normal consciousness failed to follow. The sleeping mother beautifully illustrates this truth. She will sleep peacefully amid the rattle of the windows, the din of the street and the movement of persons about the house. But let her child turn over or sigh or make any waking movement, she is at once aware of it. She is asleep to everything else, but awake to her child. But in order to distinguish noises she must be hearing them all. It is well known that sleepers wake up if any monotonous noise ceases, which usually goes on while they sleep. In dreams, words or fragments from unnoticed conversations often rise to the light. Not a little of the stuff of dreams is woven out of just this marginal or subconscious material, not before noted as *ours*.

The influence of unnoticed odours has frequently been commented upon. In subtle and unaccountable ways they produce moods and bring to thought forgotten scenes. One stands in some old garden looking intently at a rose-bush and suddenly finds himself a hundred miles away, lost in the memory of a long past experience, because unknown to his conscious self a faint odour of lavender reached his sense of smell. At each moment, too, of our waking life we are recipients of innumerable touch impressions from the entire

surface of our bodies—in fact from every part of their cubic contents. There is a *feel* of the clothes and shoes wherever they touch us. If a shoe noiselessly dropped off we should miss it!

Not seldom, again, our moods are created by the combined impressions of these nameless and unnoted touch and pressure sensations. The positions of our limbs are felt, and yet not felt. We are dimly aware that they are there, though we are not now noticing the crook of the knee or the bend of the elbow. We respond in every motion to the call of the semicircular canals—those three spirit-levels within the ear—but we never *know* that they are giving us their hints for position. In every change of vision we adjust the size of the pupil of the eye and "accommodate" the lenses to suit the new object. We are never remotely conscious of it. We do not know how we do it, but it is as intelligent an act as any we ever perform.

The same thing applies to all the organic functions. They all go on below consciousness, and yet they are all affected, favourably or unfavourably, *by states of consciousness.* They, in turn, give us moods and contribute much to the wild imagery of our dreams. The disordered organ which has not reported its state to our waking life may get its full innings and run up a high score as soon as consciousness leaves the field. Under the study of abnormal cases, we shall

see what power consciousness has over organic functions.

Passing now from sensations to more "interior" mental phenomena we shall find the subconscious element no less in evidence, and undiminished in importance. The entire *process* of memory and imagination lies below consciousness. Every image which comes into thought comes by a law of association. We pass from one topic of conversation to the next, from one thought to a new one by a connection which is deeper than consciousness. Again and again we find ourselves asking "How did I come to be thinking of this?" It is as though some invisible being had carried us over from one peak of thought to another; and just as unaccountably some memory rolls out while we were drumming our feet on the floor, lost in abstraction.

Here again it is the fringe about the clear idea of the moment which guides us along into the dawning thought. But this so-called "fringe" is never itself *caught* in consciousness. It is like the cable quivering with messages submerged beneath the sea. Still more interesting is the situation when we undertake to find a lost word—to drag up a forgotten name. We know perfectly well that the word, or the name, is somewhere within the boundary of what we call *ourself*. But we know equally well that it is not *in* our present consciousness. We search for it. A curious search it is. We are hunting for some definite thing which

we know we know, but which at the same time we know we do not now know.

The self of narrow horizon is appealing to the self of wider horizon. In some submerged stratum of this very self of ours the name lurks and cannot be fished up. How do we go to work? Not directly, for the harder we think by sheer force the less we get on. We catch some undercurrent which *may* carry us in. We let out as many floats as possible to feel for currents that are setting the right way. We try initial letters, we get the local setting by thinking where we met the person whose name is in question. We remember the page on which we have seen it written; and lo! without more ado the name is presented to us by a magic hardly less wonderful that that which piled Aladdin's palace.

Hardly any normal mental operation reveals more clearly the fact that our consciousness at any moment is but a bubble in a larger sea than does this phenomenon of memory. Within a certain radius from the conscious centre we exercise a certain hazy sway as lords of the domain. It is territory which we *feel* is ours, though our power over it is never direct. In this submerged region just beyond the shores of our consciousness lies wreckage from every experience of our entire past lives. Almost any incident under favourable circumstances *may* be reproduced—drawn above the surface for its

moment again in the light. But nothing comes up on demand. The will has no compelling power. It can only seize and hold what comes by the law of association and the entire machinery of this process—if we may use such an unspiritual word as machinery—is in the subconscious. Without more than consciousness as it appears above the threshold we should have no memories. But down in the deeps below the threshold it seems possible that everything which has once come in may be preserved.*

In the volitional realm the subconsciousness is even more in evidence. Most of our acts are not steered by consciousness. A mass of activities have become habitual and now require no attention from upper consciousness. Make your writing completely conscious and it loses all its grace and easy flow. It looks like the writing

* From among the many good cases I select the following interesting story told by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"A held a bond against B for several hundred dollars. When it came due, he searched for it, but could not find it. He told the facts to B, who denied having given the bond and intimated a fraudulent design on the part of A, who was compelled to submit to the loss and the charge against him. Years afterwards, A was bathing in Charles River, when he was seized with cramp and nearly drowned. On coming to his senses he went to his bookcase, took out a book, and from between its leaves took the missing bond. In the sudden picture of his entire life, which flashed before him as he was sinking, the act of putting the bond in the book, and the book in the bookcase, had represented itself. The reader who likes to hear the whole of a story may be pleased to learn that the debt was paid with interest."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in "*Pages from an Old Volume of Life*," pp. 299, 300.

of a child. Play on your musical instrument with direct self-consciousness, and the playing becomes ridiculous.

Guard your self-consciousness at the social function, or in your public speaking, and you make an exhibition of awkwardness. We all know how hard it is to swallow a pill when we consciously swallow; how impossible to play cricket or golf if we think of our hands; how dangerous for the tight-rope walker if he thinks of his balance. All undertakings guided by direct consciousness are slow, inaccurate and exhausting. The world would never have seen any great work done if all human endeavour had required minute direction of consciousness.

As the case now is, we originate an action and turn it over to "the effortless custody" of the subconscious which steers it swiftly and easily. The fingers know the keys, the feet know the tight-rope, the arms have the proper golf swing, the "man within" will practise courtesy and good manners without thinking—as we all walk *beyond our knowing*. We have gained in the lines of our exercise what has been well called the "humble accuracy of instinct," which hits the mark where self-direction would surely miss. Happy is the man who not only has won the skill of body by his habitual exercise, but has also by his choices and decision gained a moral dexterity of the soul so that it has become second

nature to choose the good! who has practised truth-telling until he has truth, like the Psalmist, "in his inward parts"—*i.e.*, truth-telling and righteousness have become subconscious.

We all pass over from the stage of unconsciousness to conscious effort and finally to actions performed subconsciously. Many, I should say most, of those characteristics which used to be attributed to heredity are products of the subconscious experiences of early childhood. Actions, manners, traits, habits of parents are subconsciously imitated and the little life sets itself by forces which are never consciously analysed. Character, conscience, courtesy, and most of the graces and virtues, are formed by subconscious processes which defy analysis.

But while it is true that these processes defy analysis, it should be noted that the subconscious life is largely "formed" by concrete influences and by definite activities. It is not something wholly mysterious. Subconscious handwriting is possible because the writer has trained himself by long practice and effort. Being trained, he draws at his ease upon the fund which he has capitalised. His writing is no miracle. It is the normal product of conscious training. The musician cannot have unconscious ease and power unless he "forms" it by years of work.

The ideas and illustrations which come trooping in for the orator to use have not dropped into

him from the sky. They are the fruit of his life of observation and reading and meditation. He is a good orator because he has a rich subconscious life, but he has that because his diligence has created it.

Easy manners are formed out of the *practice* of courtesy. The man who never thinks of his hands or of his feet or of the fit word for his lips has won this freedom at a great price. He has *made* himself unconsciously graceful by diligent effort. The formation of conscience is the work of a lifetime, but when it speaks the voice does not seem our own. Rightness and wrongness and the sense of oughtness, are deeper than any human plummet can sound. But each individual's concrete conscience is " formed and filled " by the social and personal experiences of the lifetime.

The atmosphere of the home into which the infant comes, " the psychological climate " of the first years, the habits, traditions, manners, contagious ideas of the family group—all these things begin to form a conscience which will always bear its nurture marks.

Every concrete choice weaves something into the invisible structure which lies far below the threshold, and in the moral crisis of that person the " set " of the inner life will count, though the actor would not remember how it was formed.

It is a fact as old as poetry or art that the man of genius does not understand himself or

know where his creative power lies. The explanation is within, not outside the man. But it is not to be found within his conscious self.*

A genius always possesses a remarkable subconscious life. He is more than ordinarily acute, impressionable, absorbent. He feels what ordinary eyes never see, common ears never hear. He seizes with ease the fruits of travail of whole centuries. But more than that, the wall between the conscious self and the sub-conscious life is extremely thin for the genius. He is a person with extraordinary power of appropriating the subconscious material. He has, as Tennyson well says, "truths deep-seated in his mystic frame." All he has is at his service, while we others know that we have something *down there*, if only its shell were not so tight. In his highest creative moments there are, too, uprushes from below, invasions from regions beyond the ordinary self. Lost and forgotten things lie now at hand for use—vestiges of the experiences of a whole life. It is as though the gate of selfhood were lifted, and a flood of power swept in from another world. These inrushes seem to bring something deeper, something more universally and permanently worthful than are the

* "No science maintains that the whole of our personality is incarnate here and now; it is beginning to surmise the contrary and to suspect the existence of a larger transcendental individuality, with which men of genius are in touch more than ordinary men. We may all be partial incarnations of a larger self."—OLIVER LODGE, *Hibbert Journal*, Vol. II., No. 3, p. 470.

products of voluntary thought. The man builds better than he knows, and not seldom he feels as though his words, or his music, or his model were given to him by another. All we need say now, is that the self that thinks is the highly active centre of a much wider life which crowds its contributions upon the thinking self, and he is right in feeling that he *receives* what he uses, for there is no explanation for such persons unless we recognise that they have a spiritual universe for their environment and with which they co-operate.

Dreams furnish us an open window into the subconscious. Since man began to dream he has believed that the dream stuff, or at least much of it, came from beyond himself. Now he got messages from distant friends, now from dead ancestors, and now from his God.

Even yet many among us hold that genuine communications come in dreams and that God speaks to His beloved in sleep. It is at least certain that dreams bring to us much which in waking life had no part with our conscious experience. Almost every dream bears witness to a vast subliminal realm which though ours is hardly "*us*," at least the ownership is a loose one. Many of our dreams take their rise from bodily stimuli which in waking life are ignored and which are too faint to wake us from sleep. The sensation may come from a faint noise in the room, or from the condition of some internal organ, or from

a cramped position in bed, or, as frequently happens, from the retinal light of the eye caused by the circulation of the blood and noticeable whenever the lid is tightly closed.

Given the simple sense-fact, the mind has to account for it, and quick as a flash it invents its pictorial story to fill out and justify the bare sense-fact which has been thrust in upon it. In the train of hallucinations which make up the imagery of dreams almost any fact of earthly experience from birth to the moment of the dream may figure. Events which never reached normal consciousness and other events which have faded out and lost all colour of reality come trooping in, vivid with warmth and colour.

One illustration will suffice. An aged friend of mine knew a young woman of twenty who again and again during her life had dreams of being out for a drive. The horses came to a certain dangerous hill with a stream and a bridge at the foot. On the way down the hill something broke. The horses ran away, dashed down the steep pitch into the bridge and capsized the carriage with serious disaster to those within. Always the same course of events came and the dream repeated itself until it fairly haunted the young lady.

One day when on a visit to a distant State she went for a drive. The carriage came to a great hill when suddenly the young woman gave a shriek, for she saw before her in full detail all the scenery

of her dream. The hill was descended without catastrophe. When the tale was told at the house where she was visiting, an elderly relative related this interesting history: "When you were a little child hardly a year and a half old your mother brought you here on a visit, and while you were driving, the horses ran away down that hill, and capsized the carriage against that bridge."

Here was the source of the material of the dream, which, however, was never repeated afterwards. In a less dramatic way, our dreams any night bring up memorial vestiges which we did not remotely guess were within the circuit of our self, and furthermore there is good ground for believing that many of our inexplicable moods are the outcome of painful, though unremembered, dreams.*

The study of the subconscious or subliminal in abnormal states is so enormously large an undertaking that I can only attempt to present a few well-established facts which make it impossible to doubt that the self in any person is immeasurably wider, deeper, higher than consciousness, which is the thesis of this lecture.

Hypnotism has proved a most fruitful means of exploring the subliminal realm. Hypnosis is an artificially induced, sleep-like condition of

* "From the soul's subterranean depth upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, "*The Buried Life.*"

mind and body during which the subject is characterised by a marvellous suggestibility.* During the hypnotic trance the consciousness no longer steers action, and generally after the trance is passed, everything which happened during it is submerged, but not lost; nor is the past life by any means lost during trance. Rather it is found. Tell a hypnotised man that he is Plato and immediately he personifies the philosopher. All he knows of Plato will come to his service and he will play his part as well as his previous training will allow.

In a most astonishing way a person gets control of his organic processes through hypnotism. Tell him that ammonia is perfume, he will inhale it with genuine pleasure. Put a postage stamp on his back and tell him it is a fly-blister, and the blister appears on the skin. Suggest that his nose is bleeding and blood may come from it. Tell him that he will not feel the amputation of his arm and he does not feel it. This power of suggestion over bodily conditions has most interesting bearings on so-called "faith cure" and "mind cure" experiences. The fact is, that though we know too little how to set these deeper curative forces at work, under the sway of faith, under the influence of expectation, almost any physical change *may* occur.

* There is no scientific ground for calling hypnosis an abnormal state. It is abnormal merely in the popular sense.

The "stigmata," *i.e.*, the nail-prints on the hands and feet of St. Francis are no longer referred to miracle. Similar "marks" have been produced under the eyes of skilled observers and they *may* appear upon any sensitive subject under hypnotism when he is told that they will appear. In ways undreamed by our ancestors we are learning that every function of the body has its degree of consciousness, that down below this red end of our spectrum of consciousness something goes on which is a part of the self—*that incursions may occur from above down* and from below up.

Hypnotism has revealed the fact that the subliminal self is hyper-acute and perceives or becomes aware of much which would be entirely beyond the range of the ordinary consciousness. Hypnotised subjects will read lips, hear unconscious whispers, even see things reflected in the corner of a person's eye. They will read with their eyes apparently shut. They interpret changes of breathing in the operator and will feel the moving of a hand separated from them by a screen.

One naturally asks, is not the subconscious equally hyper-acute when the upper consciousness is awake? We cannot absolutely prove that it is, but there is much to show that we always feel more than we know we feel. Hypnotism proves that this is true while that state lasts.

The remarkable phenomena of post-hypnotic

suggestion indicate how strangely incursions may occur from one side the threshold to the other. Tell the subject in trance that on coming to consciousness he will not be able to see a certain person who is in the room. The waking state returns. He is perfectly himself except that he cannot see this one particular person. Generally he cannot feel him or hear him.

Try the same experiment with a bright red cross. Tell the hypnotic subject that the card on which the cross is made will look perfectly white to him for an hour after he is restored to consciousness. He sees then nothing on the card, but after he has been gazing at it and then looks at a white surface he says he sees a green cross on it, which is of course "a negative after-image." If he is told to raise an umbrella ten minutes after trance is over, and hold it above his head in the parlour, he will rise without knowing why and get his umbrella and put it up.

Hypnotism has revealed the fact that we have an astonishing time-sense within us. A subject told during the hypnotic state to make a cross with a pencil 20,180 minutes from the time the order was given, did it at the precise time. The impulse to perform the suggestion in all these cases of post-hypnotic experiment rushes up from below and invades the normal waking consciousness.

Again and again the suggestions in hypnosis have had a lasting moral effect upon the person's

life, and some of the most stubborn cases of opium habit and alcoholism have been cured by hypnotic suggestion.

The disease to which we give the generic name of *hysteria* has given us startling revelations of the subterranean depths of consciousness.* The phenomena which are induced by suggestion occur spontaneously in hysteria. It is always marked by gaps in the normal consciousness—its field has narrowed. Frequently whole sections of the upper consciousness are submerged and seem lost.

Hypnotism will generally recover these submerged sections. The consciousness which appears in hypnotism knows just this lost section. It is, however, often discovered without hypnotism. Take the hysteric who has an arm in which feeling is lost. Put the arm through a screen where the eyes cannot see it. No amount of pinching or pricking will be felt. But put a pencil in the hand, frequently the hand assumes a writing attitude. If it is started on a word, the hand will finish the word of its own accord. If now someone gently whispers questions in the hysteric's ear, while a third person keeps her attention fixed, the pencil-hand will answer these questions. Meantime the person herself is entirely unconscious that this is

* In hysteria the range of consciousness is greatly narrowed, *i.e.*, much which is normally above the threshold has fallen below. By hypnotism it is possible to "tap" the realm below normal consciousness and to draw upon it.

going on. Not infrequently the lower personality assumes a name, leads a life almost detached from the primary self.

These cases of double personality sometimes come on spontaneously and strangely confuse the self-identity.* We are, however, gradually learning how to treat such diseases of personality, and the time will come when hysteria may be conquered. It has played an enormous *rôle* in history. Possession by the devil, witchcraft, unnumbered forms of contagious mania and delusion were types of hysteria.

On its lower side it is surely a disease, and it generally works towards disorganisation of personality, but even so it reveals the fact that the territory of the self is deeper and wider than common experience had suspected or than scientific formulas had allowed. The hysteric, who seems only a shattered wreck, often manifests almost unbelievable power and acuteness of perception and control over organic processes.

Not seldom too, such persons seem able to penetrate the thoughts of others and to possess extra-normal faculties of receiving information. It is too soon to draw final conclusions from the cases so far studied, but this much is certain: the theory that every personal life is insulated and windowless is well shaken.

* One of the most noted cases of this sort is that of Ansel Bourne.

There *may be* vast subterranean connections which bind us together in ways scarcely dreamed of. Every type of subconscious activity gives hints that no circle can be drawn to mark the limits and boundaries of the self. Even the most ordinary of us, no less than the genius, knows what it is to have truths and conclusions and insights "shot up," as it were, "from the hidden depths below," as though the tides of a deeper sea were crowding into our inlet.

"Our *definite ideas*," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes many years ago, "are stepping-stones; how we get from one to the other we do not know: something carries us; we [*i.e.*, our conscious selves] do not take the step. A creating and informing spirit, which is *with* us, and not *of* us, is recognised everywhere in real and in storied life. . . It comes to the least of us as a voice that will be heard: it tells us what we must believe; it frames our sentences; it lends a sudden gleam of sense or eloquence to the dullest of us all; we wonder at ourselves, or rather not at ourselves, but at this divine visitor, who chooses our brain [?] as his dwelling-place and invests our naked thought with the purple of the kings of speech and song."*

Enough has been said to emphasise the point to which this chapter is devoted, namely, that *around*

* Oliver Wendell Holmes, "*Mechanism of Thought and Morals.*"

every centre of conscious life, which is the core of personality, *there is a fringe of unknown width.*

"There is actually and literally," says William James, "more life in our total soul than we at any time are aware of." "The conscious person is continuous with a wider self." He goes still further and asserts that there is "a more of the same quality [with the person] which is operative in the universe outside him and which he can keep in touch with."

We have seen how the genius draws upon a domain of thought-material, lying outside the realm of his consciousness. We have seen the "faith curist" using powers which transcend his knowledge and explanation. Even ordinary sleep seems to put us where powers not our own repair the waste and perform a ministry of restoration and renewing.

May there not be in this inner portal to our personality some real shekinah where we may meet with the Divine Companion, that More of Life, in whom we live? Do such "higher energies filter in"? Do any mortals hear tidings from across the border which unify their spiritual lives and construct their being and enable them to speak to their age with an authority beyond themselves?

The Testimony of Mysticism.

"In a world of life they live,
By sensible impressions not enthralled;
But by their quickening impulses made more prompt
To hold fit converse with the spiritual world."

WORDSWORTH'S "*Prelude*," B.XIV.

"Ask me not, for I may not speak of it;
I saw it."

TENNYSON'S "*Holy Grail*."

The Testimony of Mysticism.

All personal religion has its inward side. It cannot be reduced to a system or be understood by an observer who notes only expressions and performances. The visitor from Mars who should stumble into a Friends' Meeting or into a great cathedral service would be hopelessly puzzled. He would see no *utility* in the performance and (were he non-religious) he could not remotely guess what was going on.

If we were able to look in upon the brain of a friend with magnifying eyes, we should see marvellous molecular motions going on among the cells. Now at this centre and now at that we should see the cells grow agitated as though a furious storm were raging. We might ultimately learn to describe these movements and to catalogue these activities, as we now do the cosmic movements of the heavenly bodies.

But how completely all this time we should be missing the real situation. What we from the outside have been calling molecular movements, from the inside for him are thoughts and emotions

and will-purposes. Where we saw a storm of activities in a brain-centre, he was overcoming a temptation or was thrilled with a rapture of aspiration. The outside view for him was nothing; the inside was all. We reckon ill always when we leave out the testimony of consciousness.

The mystic finds religion, not in the institutions which history describes, not in the creeds which have been formulated to satisfy intellectual demands, not in organised forms through which men give expression to their religious activities—he finds the *heart* of religion in his own consciousness of God. Primarily he believes in God for the same reason that he believes in himself.

There are always men and women in the world who have this first-hand, irrefragable certainty of God—persons who know that the frontier of their consciousness lies close along the shining table-lands which God Himself illumines. They never much trouble themselves over arguments to prove God's existence. Their souls have discovered Him and they as little want proof as the plain man of the street wants proof that he sees a house.

The mystic who has this internal evidence is a person whose wall between the conscious self and the vast subliminal region is extremely thin. That which for most persons *stays beyond* the threshold surges in and makes its reality felt for him and exercises a sway over the whole life.

His religion thus does not crystallise. It keeps grounded in actual inward experience, with its life-blood ever flowing. Some degree of this experience, which flowers up in the great mystic, is probably present in us all.

Every human being has a double aspect. He has his sharply-defined life above the threshold, and a vague, haunting life below it. Even the most prosaic of us are haunted by a beyond. But most of us find it fairly easy to substitute bloodless symbols for these deeper *felt realities*, just as we do our thinking with *words* and give up *visualising the objects* for which the words stand.

The mystic, on the contrary, resists this tendency, but he is able to do it simply because his impressions of the divine intercourse are so vivid—the springs that bubble within are so unmistakable to him. Incursions from beyond the known limits of the self come surging in. By some deeper principle of perception than that which gives us our sense-world these souls discover that their lives are in God. They *feel* that their being is but a cell in a larger whole of being. They are but inlets which open on the infinite sea and they feel the shoreless tides beat in. They are focus-points of the Infinite Spirit.

Any person who has these moments of consciousness in which he *feels* his relationship to the Infinite is so far a mystic. It is probable that these experiences are more common than we

are accustomed to suppose. There are few of us certainly who are not made aware at times of the fact that our lives are interlaced in an infinite whole, that our reality is rooted in a deeper reality and that a common Life circulates through us and quickens us.

It is just this feeling which Professor Everett so well illustrates :* " We ask the leaf, are you complete in yourself ? and the leaf answers, No, my life is in the branches. We ask the branch, and the branch answers, No, my life is in the trunk. We ask the trunk, and it answers, No, my life is in the root. We ask the root, and it answers, No, my life is in the trunk and the branches and the leaves. Keep the branches stripped of leaves and I shall die. So it is with the great tree of being. Nothing is completely and merely individual."

I quote an interesting case, I found in Starbuck's collection, of a person who describes his consciousness of God : " Something in myself made me feel myself a part of something bigger than I, that was controlling. I felt myself one with the grass, the trees, birds, insects, everything in Nature. I exulted in the mere fact of existence, of being a part of it all—the drizzling rain, the shadow of the clouds, the tree-trunks, and so on. I knew so well the satisfaction of losing self in a perception of supreme power and love, that I was unhappy because the perception was not constant.

* Everett, " *Immortality and other Essays*," p. 63.

"I am *sure* that there is a common spirit that plays within us, and that is the Spirit of God. Whoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit, I dare not say *he lives;* for truly without this to me there is not heat under the tropic, nor any light though I dwell in the body of the sun."*

Walt Whitman has given a penetrating account of this deeper consciousness: "There is, apart from mere intellect, in the make-up of every superior human identity, a wondrous something that realises without argument, frequently without what is called education (though I think it the goal and apex of all education deserving the name), an intuition of the absolute balance, in time and space, of the whole of this multifariousness, this revel of fools, and incredible make-believe and general unsettledness, we call the *world;* a soul-sight of the divine clue and unseen thread which holds the whole congeries of things, all history and time, and all events, however trivial, however momentous, like a leashed dog in the hand of the hunter. Of such soul-sight and root-centre for the mind mere optimism explains only the surface."†

Jacob Boehme's experience is often quoted as typical: "In one quarter of an hour I saw and

* Sir Thomas Browne, "*Religio Medici.*"

† "*Specimen Days and Collects,*" p. 174—quoted by James, "*Varieties of Religious Experience,*" p. 396.

knew more than if I had been many years together at an university. For I saw and knew the being of all things, the Byss and the Abyss and the Eternal generation of the Holy Trinity."

St. Theresa has a similar experience: "It was granted me to perceive in one instant how all things are seen and contained in God." The best illustration of this mystical consciousness is the experience of an old man in Monod's "Six Meditations on the Christian Ministry": "The Holy Spirit is not merely making me a visit; it is no mere dazzling apparition which may from one moment to another spread its wings and leave me in my night; it is a permanent habitation. He can depart only if he takes me with him. More than that; he is not other than myself; he is one with me. It is not a juxta-position, it is a penetration, a profound modification of my nature, a new manner of my being."*

This is a characteristic mystic experience. Those who have enjoyed something similar to it will easily believe in its reality and those who have not are no more justified in denying its reality than the blind man is in denying reality to the stars which he cannot see.

The significant thing which the mystic has to give us is his testimony that he has an immediate consciousness of God. He comes to the restless, the fore-wandered, the absent from home, and

* Quoted by James, *op. cit.*, p. 419.

calmly states the mighty fact that he feels perfectly at home with God. He has found the Holy Grail. But how has he found it? Has he learned something which he can communicate to other souls? No, mystical states are not *knowledge-states*, but *feeling-states*. The mystic has an inward perception, but he cannot put it into the common language of thought. It is something personal and private and as indescribable as love is. He may tell another what steps he took to arrive at it. He may lay down some principles to test the experience by when it comes, but he cannot transmit his own inward assurance or tell adequately what has come to pass within him.

We have developed no language for the experiences of the heart, as we have for experiences of external sense. Our intercommunications compelled us to invent a vocabulary for the latter. The struggle for existence in a society of fellows has not forced us yet to get a common language for heart-experiences, and therefore these experiences have kept fluid. But Professor Royce is right in insisting that the mystics are the most thoroughgoing empiricists. They base everything in experience; only from the nature of the case it is a form of experience which must to a large extent remain private and personal.

Of all persons the sound mystic has the clearest sense of *unity* in the universe. The scientist presupposes an ultimate unity in the physical world

—a single force, law or principle which gets diverse manifestation in all the events and forms which he studies. The moralist knows that there can be no system of ethics unless he starts with a unity of the race, and a basal bond of love in the very structure of society. The artist realises that his creation will be beautiful, if it is beautiful at all, because it shall succeed in manifesting the universal principle of beauty, which may be discovered alike in

> "The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
> The acorn's cup, the raindrop's arc,
> The swinging spider's silver line,
> The ruby of the drop of wine."*

But the mystic goes farther. In his highest moments he enters an *eternal now*, in which are past and future, near and far, the visible and the unseen—all one in a living unity of which he himself is an undivided, but a no less real part and parcel. Let us hear a mystic's parable of this unity: "These rivers, O gentle youth, flow eastward toward the sunrise and westward toward the sunset. From ocean to ocean they flow, and become (again) mere ocean. And as they there know not that they are this or that river, so verily, O gentle youth, all these creatures know not, when they issue from the One Being, that they issue from the One. What that hidden thing is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, *that art thou.*

* Emerson, "*Ode to Beauty.*"

"'Bring me a fruit from that tree.' 'Here is it, venerable Sir.' 'Cut it open.' 'It is cut open, venerable Sir.' 'What seest thou in it?' 'Very small seeds, venerable Sir.' 'Cut open one of them.' 'It is cut open, venerable Sir.' 'What seest thou in it?' 'Nothing, venerable Sir.' Then spake he: That hidden thing which thou seest not, O gentle youth, from that hidden thing verily has this mighty tree grown! Believe, O gentle youth, what that hidden thing is, of whose essence is all the world—that is the Reality, that is the Soul, *that art thou.*

"About a dying man sit his relatives and ask: 'Dost thou know me? Dost thou know me?' His lips no longer answer because his life is now in the highest life and this comment is made: 'What this fine thing is of whose essence is all the world that is the Reality, that is Soul, *that art thou.*'"* The key to the unity of the universe is the unity of consciousness and to some rare souls it is granted to feel their oneness with the spiritual whole—to catch "the deep pulsations of the world," to know that their "tiny spark of being" is of the one universal light.

Now there are two very diverse types of mystical attitude which come out of this positive testimony of consciousness to the soul's relation to God. I shall call the two classes respectively

* From Lanman's "*Chandogya*," VI, 2-15, quoted in Royce's "*World and the Individual*," Vol. I, pp. 164, 165.

negation mystics and *affirmation mystics*, though these words are used merely for purposes of description.

1. The sense of the divine presence will naturally work very different results upon different persons. If one discovers that he is a partaker of the divine Life, what shall he do next? Why, answers the mystic of our first class, he shall make it his goal to become absorbed in God—swallowed up in the Godhead.

Where can God be found? Not in our world of sense anywhere, answers this mystic. Every possible object in our world is a mere finite appearance. It may be as huge as the sun or even the milky way, or as minute as the dust-speck in the sunbeam; it makes no difference. It is a form of finitude. It is, in contrast to the Absolute, an illusion, a thing of unreality. It cannot show God or take you to Him.

No better is the situation when you can fix upon some event of history or some deed of a person in his social relations. The event is a mere finite fact. Cut off and treated by itself, it is not a true reality. God cannot be found in it. The same thing applies to inner states. They are no better than finite activities. Every state of consciousness is sadly finite. It always seeks a beyond. Consciousness is the symbol of restlessness. It is like the flight of the bird which has not found its nest. When the soul is

perfectly at home in God all thought will be quenched, all consciousness will cease.

"Believe not," cries one of these mystics, "those prattlers who boast that they know God. Who knows Him—is silent." He proceeds therefore by process of negation. Everything finite must be transcended. He must slough off not only the rags of his own righteousness, but the last vestige of his finitude. Union with God, absorption in His Being, so that "self" and "other" are unknown is the goal of his search.

> "Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
> There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

He is seeking for an immediate experience which shall fulfil every finite purpose and leave nothing to be sought or desired—a *now* that shall hint of no *beyond*. One sees that this mystic is asking for something which cannot be granted, or at least for something which could not be known if it were attained. The Absolute who is postulated as precisely the negation of all finiteness turns out to be for us mortals only an absolute zero—a limitless sum-total of negation.*

* Two passages from two great mystical writers, one in the sixth and the other in the fourteenth century, will further illustrate the type, which I have called "negation mysticism."

"For the beholding of the hidden things of God, shalt thou forsake sense and the things of flesh and all that the senses can apprehend, and that reason of her own powers can bring forth, and all things created and uncreated that reason is able to comprehend and know, and shalt take thy stand upon an utter abandonment of thyself and as knowing none of the aforesaid things, and enter into union with *Him, who is, and is above all*

Eckhart glories in calling his Absolute, "the nameless Nothing." Our surrender of finiteness brings us to an abstract absolute which lacks all qualities and differentiation. The mystic realises the dilemma, but glories in it. His last great yearning is that he may lose his finite, illusory personality, and be at home in the deeps of Being where no one says "I" or "mine."

He rejoices in states of consciousness which approach a blank—when human thought is still—for he feels that he is now nearer truth and reality. He assumes that whatever comes from beyond consciousness must necessarily come from God, and thus the nearer he gets to the sleep of self the higher his openings. Again and again he has mistaken the confused noises of his own subliminal self for messages of unspeakable worth, and he has given us many lessons on the value of some common standard and test of truth beyond the mere "it seems so to me," spoken with an emphasis of infallibility.

One sees at once the logical and practical outcome of the mysticism of negation. It ends

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existence and all knowledge." Dionysius, "*Epistle to Timothy*."

"The Perfect is none of the things which are in part. The things which are in part can be known, apprehended and expressed; but the Perfect cannot be known, apprehended or expressed by any creature as a creature.

"Therefore we do not give a name to the Perfect, for it is none of these [*i.e.*, nameable or knowable things]. The creature as creature cannot know nor apprehend it, name nor conceive it."

"*Theologica Germanica*," Wickworth's Translation, pp. 2, 3.

in contraction and confusion or at least would so end if the persons were faithful to their principle. "It is," as one of our rare American teachers has said, "as if the bud, knowing that its life is in the life of the parent tree, should seek to become one with the tree by withering and shrinking, and letting its life ebb back into the common life. Seeing it we should not say, Behold how this bud has become one with the tree; we should say, The bud is dead."

Then, too, it has been the tendency of this type of mysticism to encourage men to live for the rare moment of ecstasy and beatific vision, to sacrifice the chance of winning spiritual victory for the hope of receiving an ineffable illumination, which would quench all further search or desire.

2. We turn now to the *affirmation mystics.* They do not make *vision* the end of life, but rather the beginning. They are bent on having an immediate, first-hand sense of God—but not just for the joy of having it. More important than vision is obedience to the vision. There are battles to fight and victories to win. God's Kingdom is to be advanced. Error is to be attacked and truth to be established. Those who see God must gird for service. Those who would have a closer view of the divine must seek it in a life of love and sacrifice.

Instead of seeking the Absolute by negating the finite, the mystic of this class finds the

revelation of God *in* the finite. Nothing now can be unimportant. There is more in the least event than the ordinary eye sees. Everywhere in the world there is stuff to be transmuted into divine material. Every situation may be turned into an occasion for winning a nearer view of God. The most stubborn fact which fronts one in the path may be made a revelation of divine glory, for to this mystic every finite fact may become an open window into the divine.

It is a primary fact for him that he partakes of God, that his personal life has come out of the life of God and that he is never beyond the reach of God who is his source. But his true being is to be wrought out in the world where he can know only finite and imperfect things. His mission on earth is to be a fellow-worker with God—contributing in a normal daily life his human powers to the divine Spirit who works in him and about him, bringing to reality a kingdom of God.

His life with its plainly visible tasks is always like the palimpsest which bears in underlying writing a sacred text. He is always more than any finite task declares, and yet he accepts his task because he has discovered that only *through* the finite is the Infinite to be found. His mystical insight gives him a unity which does not lie beyond the transitory and temporal, but which includes them and gives them their reality. The

slenderest human task becomes glorious because God is in it. The simplest act of duty is good because it makes the Infinite God more real. The slightest deed of pure love is a holy thing because God shines through it and is revealed by it.

It is because beauty is a unity that any beautiful object whatever may suffice to show it and any object that does show it has an opening into the infinite. It is because God is a complete unity that any being who partakes of Him may in measure manifest Him. The whole purpose of the one who holds this view is to make his life the best possible organ of God.

He too, like our other mystic, seeks union with God, but not through loss of personality. The eye serves the body not by extinguishing itself but by increasing its power of discrimination; so too the soul is ever more *one* with the Lord of life as it identifies itself with Him and lets His being expand its human powers.

Dante knew that he was rising to a higher heaven by the richer smile on Beatrice's face, so too, progress toward union with God is to be known by the increased enrichment of all the powers of our personality. Instead of losing consciousness we become through it more than ever aware of the deep underswell of the Infinite on whose bosom we rest. Instead of quenching desire our hearts burn to explore farther the divine Life which invites us on. Instead of losing our will we

approach that true freedom where we *will* to do His will.

That which is still beyond experience is so infinite that one's humble victories only make one modest. He dares to say "I have found the living God," but he adds at once: "I have not yet laid hold of that for which He has laid hold of me." "I press on for the prize." To become one with God in a conscious union is the goal. To know that our being has been taken up and made an organic part of His very self, because He wills and because we will it, is the end of true mysticism.

The "I" and the "thou" are lost only as they are always lost in love. They are lost to be found again enriched. The soul comes home bringing to God that which His own love has made possible.

"Who is there?" asked the Lord of the saint who knocked at the gate of Paradise, as the story runs in the mystical books. "It is I," answered the saint. But the gate did not open. Again the trembling saint drew near and knocked. "Who is there?" came the voice from within. "It is thou?" replies the saint, grown wiser, and immediately the celestial gate swung open!

The prayer of the affirmation mystic will be:

> "Leave me not, God, until—nay, until when?
> Not till I am with thee, one heart, one mind;
> Not till thy life is light in me, and then
> Leaving is left behind."

The Inner Light.

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness: and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it and makes all error: and, to KNOW,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

BROWNING'S "*Paracelsus*," Book I.

The Inner Light.

MYSTICISM has been for the most part *sporadic.* It has found an exponent now here, now there, but it has shown little tendency toward organising and it has manifested small desire to propagate itself. There have been types of mystical religion which have persisted for long periods and which have spread over wide areas, but in all centuries such mystical religion has spread itself by a sort of spiritual contagion rather than by system and organisation. It has broken forth where the Spirit listed, and its history is mainly the story of the saintly lives through which it has appeared.

The Quaker movement, which had its rise in the English Commonwealth, is an exception. It furnishes some material for studying a "mystical group," and it supplies us with an opportunity of discovering a test and authority even for mystical insights.* No person can ever hope to gain an adequate idea of the religious movement which has been called by the name of Quakerism

* See chapter on "Test of Spiritual Guidance."

until he has discovered what is meant by the "Inner Light." It is the root principle of an important historic faith, and it deserves a careful examination.

The term "Inner Light" is older than Quakerism, and the idea which is thus named was not new when George Fox began to preach it. But this idea received a meaning and an emphasis from the Quakers which make it their own peculiar principle and their distinct contribution to religious thought.

It is no easy task to penetrate its meaning, first, because it has been used in a loose way with little or no attempt at definition, and secondly, because a religious phrase which has long been current never means the same thing to those who use it at second hand that it did to those who reached it at first hand by a profound spiritual discovery. In one case it is the mystery of the living flower; in the other it is the pressed specimen in the herbarium with a cold Latin label under it.

The Inner Light as a doctrine or as a philosophical principle is one thing; it may be, and doubtless is, quite a different thing as an experience in one's own life. Instead of speculating about what the term *might* mean, we shall endeavour to get as near as we can to the actual experiences of those persons who first discovered the truth and made it the heart of their message. Their spiritual states, even though somewhat

chaotic, are worth volumes of commentary from men who can give us only fine-drawn theories of what this Inner Light ought to have been.

The fundamentally significant thing which stands out in early Quakerism was the *conviction* which these founders of it felt, that they had actually discovered the living God and that He was in them. They all have one thing to say—"I have experienced God."

Quakerism was, as we are sometimes told, a new social experiment. It was, too, a new attempt to organise a spiritual Christian fellowship like that which existed in the first century. But it was first of all the proclamation of an experience. The movement came to birth, and received its original power, through persons who were no less profoundly conscious of a *divine presence* than they were of a world in space, impinging on their sense.

The reader will turn in vain to any other body of literature for a more insistent testimony to the fact that God is found within than is given in the pamphlets and journals which the founders of Quakerism left behind. Others have analysed this type of experience more keenly and have described it with finer insight, but it has nowhere else received such voluminous reiteration, nor, we must add, such uncompromising application in practical life.

The most intimate and personal account of this inward experience is given by Isaac Pening-

ton in his description of what occurred to him while attending a meeting at Swannington in 1654. "I felt the presence and power of the Most High. . . . Yea, I did not only feel words and demonstrations from without, but I felt the dead quickened, the seed raised, insomuch that my heart said, 'This is He, there is no other: this is He whom I have waited for and sought after from my childhood.' . . . But some may desire to know what I have at last met with? I answer I have met with the Seed. Understand that word and thou wilt be satisfied and inquire no further. *I have met with my God;* I have met with my Saviour. . . . I have felt the healings drop into my soul from under His wings. I have met with the true knowledge, the knowledge of life." *

Robert Barclay has an impressive passage which bears solid testimony to a similar experience: "I myself am a true witness who came to receive and bear witness to the truth by being *secretly reached by this life,* for when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them which touched my heart, and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me and the good raised up."

He further says that as they sit together in "an inward quietness and retiredness of mind,

* Works of Isaac Penington (1861), Vol. I, pp. 37, 38.

the witness of God arises in the heart and the Light of Christ shines."*

It is not easy to find any single passage in George Fox's "Journal" which adequately describes his own personal experience, because his conviction of the Divine Presence rested not so much upon some one passing vision, or a rapturous moment of contact, as upon the *continuous sense* of the Divine Life enfolding his own, and it is rather implied everywhere than described anywhere.

He was all his life subject to incursions of some larger Life from beyond the margins of his own personal consciousness. His long search for inward comfort, which filled three years of his life—from his twenty-first to his twenty-fourth year—finally terminated in an experience that "made his heart leap for joy" and, as he himself says, made him "know experimentally" that God was at work upon him.

"I heard a voice," he says, "which said, 'There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.'"

"I now had fellowship alone with Christ, who had the key and opened the door of Life and Light to me."

"Inward life sprang up in me."

"I saw by that Light and Spirit which was before the Scriptures were given forth."

* Quoted, with some omissions, from the "*Apology*," Barclay's works (1831), Vol. II. pp. 355 and 357.

"I saw the love of God and was filled with admiration at the infinitude of it."

"I was wrapped up in the love of God."

"My living faith was raised and I saw that all was done by Christ, the Life."

"Through the immediate opening of the Invisible Spirit I saw the blood of the New Covenant, how it came into the heart."

"As I was walking in the fields, the Lord said unto me, Thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

"I saw [the things that were opened to me] in the Light of the Lord Jesus Christ and by His immediate Spirit and power, as did the holy men of God."

"As I walked toward the jail [in Coventry], the word of the Lord came to me saying, 'My love was always to thee and thou art in my love.' I was ravished with a sense of the love of God." *

These passages give only a very feeble impression of the profound conviction which possessed these three men that they were in direct communication with the Source of life and light. From their own personal experience they leaped at once to wide conclusions. With tireless reiteration they announced their discovery as a

* These passages are quoted, with slight verbal changes not affecting the meaning, from pp. 11-47 *passim* of the Journal (eighth London edition).

universal truth—*that every human life partakes of God.*

Their bulky volumes were not written to give adequate description of their own illumination, but to declare to all men the mighty fact of the Divine Presence and to help as many persons as possible to realise the direct communion which they themselves enjoyed. The first point to emphasise is this, that the founders of Quakerism were mastered by the conviction that they had discovered God in their own souls and that they were dealing directly with Him.

Their conviction rested in the first instance upon personal experience. A life, a light, an influence, a power surged up within them out of the deep. They felt the tides of a larger sea flowing in their souls. They were strangely aware of a heightened life. They became conscious of truths and principles which they had never known before. The boundaries of the self were widened by an energy from within.

Without much critical analysis they leaped to the conclusion that the infinite ocean of Divine Life had sent its tides into their narrow inlets, that this new power and illumination was the Eternal Christ come again to human consciousness. Much more important than this uncritical conviction was the actual, observable fact that this inward experience of theirs *unified*

their lives, and produced verifiable results in character and action.

Barclay's testimony, already quoted, is significant and is confirmed by many other testimonies equally trustworthy: "As I gave way to this power, *I felt the evil in me weakened and the good raised up.*"

From being a melancholy, dreamy, solitary seeker, George Fox became a man of apostolic boldness, and possessed of more than ordinary insight and power of leadership. He *saw* what to do and he did it without any halting.

He was, as William Penn says, "a match for every occasion," because he met the social and moral situations of his complicated epoch with a principle which almost invariably carried light and order into them. There was an unerring directness of aim in his attitude toward moral and spiritual issues. He spoke with the assurance of one who *saw*.

He *felt* himself illuminated from within and his life gave solid verification to the reality of his experience. The sentence already quoted from his own experience puts the fact concisely: "I felt inward life spring up within me."

Primarily, then, the belief in an "Inner Light" had its ground and foundation in personal experience, and we must either suppose that the thousands of primitive Friends who claimed a similar experience were recipients of a genuine reality,

or we must suppose that they were infected by a contagious enthusiasm which these powerful leaders inspired.

We shall now pass from accounts of personal experience to statements of the theory, or the *doctrine,* of the Inner Light. One might say that every early Quaker writing is like a palimpsest. Beneath every word which was written this idea of the Inner Light also lies written. It is the key to every peculiarity in Quakerism. What was the Inner Light ? * The simplest answer is: The Inner Light is the doctrine that there is something Divine, "something of God" in the human soul.

Five words are used indiscriminately to name this Divine something: "The Light," "The Seed," "Christ within," "The Spirit" "That of God in you." This Divine Seed is in every person good or bad. Here is Barclay's way of saying it: "As the capacity of a man or woman is not only in the child, but even in the very embryo, even so Jesus Christ himself, Christ

* It should be said that the early Friends did not minimise the importance of the Scriptures, or of the historical Christ and His work for human redemption. The Christ who enlightened their souls was, they believed, the risen and ever-living Christ—the same Person, who healed the sick in Galilee, and preached the gospel to the poor under the Syrian sky, and who died for our sakes outside the gate of Jerusalem. One of the great fruits of the Incarnation, and Passion, according to their view, was the permanent presence of Christ among men in an inward and spiritual manner, bringing to effect *within* what His *outward life* had made possible.

within, is in every man's and woman's heart, as a little incorruptible seed." *

Again: "We understand this seed to be a *real spiritual substance.*" † It is "a holy *substantial seed* which many times lies in man's heart as a naked grain in the stony ground." ‡

Barclay is very particular to have it understood that this "seed" is not something which man has *as man*, but that it is a gratuitous impartation from God—it is a gift of free Grace to every man. The child, however, does *bring* this with him, and so does actually "trail clouds of glory"; he does bring with him from God a Divine soul-centre. But this "seed" may lie hidden and unregarded, like a jewel in the dust.

It follows secondly as a corollary of this principle that direct communications are possible from God to man. In other words, the Inner Light is a principle of revelation—it becomes possible for man to have "openings of truth." Almost every Quaker biography furnishes instances of such "openings." Fox says emphatically, "I have had a word from the Lord as the prophets and apostles had" (Vol. I., p. 127).

Quaker ministry is supposed to be the utterance of communications that are given by the

* Barclay, "Apology" (1831), p. 177.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 139.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 140.

Spirit. This Light within is also held to be an illumination which makes the path of duty plain through the conscience.

There is still a third aspect to the doctrine of the Inner Light. It is used, perhaps most frequently, to indicate the truth that whatever is spiritual must be within the realm of personal experience, that is to say, the ground of religion is in the individual's own heart and not somewhere outside him.

In this sense the Inner Light means that religious truth is capable of self-demonstration. "I turned them," says George Fox, "to the Spirit in themselves (a measure of which was given to every one of them) that they might *know* God and Christ and the Scriptures aright" (Vol. I., p. 411).

"I was commanded to turn people to the inward Light that they might *know* their salvation" (Vol. I., p. 36). Men had always been looking for a criterion, or test, or seat of authority outside themselves. The Quaker fulfils the reformation idea that Christianity is to be spiritually apprehended by each man for himself; *nothing is to come between the individual soul and God.*

SIN IS A FACT IN CONSCIOUSNESS; not a doctrine which logic establishes from Adam's sin. God's love and mercy, His free grace and forgiveness, are real not because they are declared in Scripture and in creeds, but because THEY ARE ETERNAL

FACTS OF THE DIVINE NATURE, which any human soul may experience.

Salvation from sin is not to be held as a comforting formula ; it is to be witnessed as an actual experience. "The Light," says Fox, "is that which reaches the witness of God in yourself" (Vol. I., p. 343). As Paul would put it, "the Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are children of God" (Rom. viii. 16), or in the language of John : "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself" (1 John v. 10).

In a word, the soul itself possesses a ground of certitude in spiritual matters, and it *sees* what is essential to its life with the same directness as the mathematician sees his axioms. These are the three ways in which the primitive Quakers use the term Inner Light : As a Divine Life resident in the soul ; as a source of guidance and illumination, and as a ground of spiritual certitude.

What shall we say of their view, judged in the light of more adequate psychological knowledge ?

This third aspect of the doctrine—the self-demonstration of spiritual experience—is essentially right. It is in harmony with the profoundest philosophical movement of the modern world. It has been settled for all time that the criterion of truth is to be found in the nature of consciousness itself—not somewhere else.

That I am I, is the clearest of all facts, but nobody could prove it to me, if I lacked the

testimony of consciousness. I know that I have found freedom from the sense of sin, joy in union with the Infinite Spirit, peace through forgiveness only because *I know it,* because it is witnessed within, not because some man in sacred garb has announced it, or because I have read in a book that such an experience *might be* mine.

No truth rests on the basis of actual certainty until it has the seal of the soul's "I know." The final test of everything in religion is the test of experience. Luther made this principle fundamental in salvation. *Salvation springs out of the soul's faith, and is known within.*

But he made very slight use of his great principle. The Quaker universalised it. Everything in religion is to be verified in personal experience. Even heaven is not held as a dogma. "I was in the paradise of God."

"I was wrapped up in the love of God."

"The Seed *is* heir of endless life."

"They that inherit the Seed, inherit substance." One sees at once in these positive sayings of Fox that he bases everything upon the marvellous riches of the actual life upon which he has entered. He finds the ground of all his hopes and the substance of all his expectations is an actual experience which he possesses.

This position is impregnable and it is the sign in which present-day Christianity is to conquer.

The discussion of the test of guidance and of

"openings," *i.e.*, the criterion of special revelation, which is the *second* aspect of the doctrine, must be postponed, for it will require a whole chapter.

The first aspect of the Inner Light—that there is something of God in every human life—is not so easily settled. Theologically, as against Calvinism, the Quaker was assuredly right. His position is unmistakably well founded in Scripture teaching, and there is a solid mass of support for it in the writings of the "Fathers."

But does psychology give any ground for such a view? Is the doctrine founded in the nature of things? Both yes and no. There *is* something of God in every human life. As Fox was so fond of saying, there is something in man which reveals his sin to him. To be conscious of finiteness implies that consciousness has an infinite aspect which transcends the finiteness of which it is aware.

"Thou wouldst not seek God," says Pascal, "if thou hadst not found Him." Every analysis of personality discovers the fact that God and man are inherently bound up together. Personal consciousness looms up out of an infinite background. Probe deep enough into any self and you come upon God.

The Quaker felt this truth profoundly. His inner sense was sure and sound and right. But the Quaker formulation of the doctrine has been

none too clear and has exposed the entire idea to damaging criticism.

Barclay asserts: "*Friends believe not this Seed or Light to be any part of man's nature, or anything that properly or essentially is of man.*"* It is something entirely foreign to man and unrelated to his nature, *as a man.*

"It subsists," he says again, in the "*Apology,*" "in the hearts of wicked men, even while they are in their wickedness . . . it lies in man's heart like naked grain in stony ground."†

Barclay treats it exactly as Des Cartes treats "innate ideas," as something injected into the soul.‡ Man himself has one origin, the "Seed" another. It is not only foreign in its origin; it forever remains foreign. It is never so united to the self that there is an actual unity. Man remains, to the end, dual. It is a human man plus a divine Seed or Light. Everything spiritual which comes *from* him, comes rather *through* him, as a passive instrument.

This view is not founded on the testimony of experience, and it leads to difficulties which are hopeless of solution. It continues the ancient heresy of the sharply dual nature. It leaves an unbridged and unbridgeable gulf between the

* Barclay, "*Universal Love.*"

† Barclay, "*Apology,*" p. 140.

‡ The entire "*Apology*" is written under the influence of Des Cartes' philosophy, and that means that it is based upon a woefully imperfect psychology.

divine and the human. There is no basis for a unifying personality which binds into one organic and *vital* whole the divine and the human, *making a new spiritual creation.*

The view we are discussing never gets beyond an arbitrary and mechanical union of two opposed and essentially unrelated things. Human nature still remains unspiritualised and only capable of receiving into itself irruptions of a Nature forever foreign to its own nature, and, on this basis, God would remain forever unknowable to human consciousness except by miracle.

This formulation has, too, had a desolating effect upon the ministry of the people who have held it. Nothing, in this view, has "unction," which does not come from beyond the margin of the person himself. He is to be a mere passive channel. Nothing spiritual can come from *him.* It has encouraged the ecstatic state, and it has discouraged strenuous preparation of life, without which no adequate ministry ever comes. The idea that God and man are not so related that the whole man may be spiritualised is the false formulation of the Inner Light, and wherever it has prevailed confusion and weakness have gone with it. This view would, too, destroy the ground of certitude and would leave no test of guidance, for the personal self, which is the seat of consciousness, remains foreign and unrelated to the truth which comes through it.

The true Quaker *principle* strikes much deeper, and to discover it we must go back of such faulty formulations to primitive experience. Here are the facts: Men found God in their own lives. They became aware that finite and infinite were not sundered, but were known in the same consciousness. The true view, the proper formulation must hold that God is the inward principle and ground of the personal life—the indwelling life and light of the soul, permeating all the activities. Man's spiritual nature is rooted and grounded in the Divine Life.

To become spiritual is to become a divine-human person—to be a person in whom the human nature and the Divine Nature have become organic and vital. The truth which comes will then be no injected revelation, no foreign irruption, but the genuine fruit and output of a personal life, which unites in itself the finite and the infinite in one ever-expanding personality.

Instead of regarding the Inner Light as something foreign, it should rather be thought of as the Divine Life personally apprehended in an individual soul. It is both human and Divine. It is the actual inner self formed by the union of a Divine *and* a human element in a single, undivided life.

The Test of Spiritual Guidance.

"Where men are enlightened with the true light, they . . . renounce all desire and choice, and commit and commend themselves and all things to the Eternal Goodness. Nevertheless, there remaineth in them a desire to go forward and get nearer to the Eternal Goodness; that is, to come to a clearer knowledge, and warmer love, and more comfortable assurance and perfect obedience and subjection; so that every enlightened man could say: 'I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness, what his own hand is to a man.'"

"*Theologica Germanica.*"

The Test of Spiritual Guidance

THIS is a bothersome question. It must either be let alone, or faced squarely and hunted down into its deepest hiding-places. The timid answers are insufficient, such as, "it is an infallible Book," or "it is an infallible Church," or "it is the infallible Spirit." The trouble with these answers is, that they always raise a new question.

If the Bible *is* infallible, who is the unerring interpreter of it? There are many organised churches; which *one* is infallible and how do we know that its conclusions are invariably right? If the Spirit of God is the true Guide, through whom does He manifest Himself infallibly? Isaac Penington says (Works, Vol. I., p. 67): "The Light of God's Spirit is a certain and infallible rule, and the eye that sees it is a certain eye." That would make any individual who had a "revelation," infallible and certain.

On any one of these three grounds suggested above, *an individual* becomes in the last resort the seat of authority. It puts the ultimate authority in the man who interprets the Scrip-

tures, or in the person who is head of the Church, or in the individual who claims a revelation from the Spirit. How am I to know the will of the Spirit? When an "opening" comes to me, how can I test it? Among the many ideas which appear before the footlights of my consciousness, what special mark is there upon those that have a Divine origin which distinguishes them from those that have a "native" origin, *i.e.*, that rise out of my own impulses? In the last resort am I not myself the final standard?—"What I declare to be from the Spirit is the truth."

Does not the doctrine of the Inner Light lead to this excessive individualism and make each person a full tiaraed Pope? Does the Quaker furnish us with any practical test under which the doctrine of immediate guidance can work safely?

We have already seen that in the deep and intimate matters which concern the soul's personal condition there can be no outside authority. The only demonstration here is the demonstration of the Spirit. No external "sign" can take the place of inward conviction. The only proof that the pure in heart see God *is—to see Him.*

The poor woman in the Mother Goose rhyme who needed the wagging of her little dog's tail to assure her of her own personal identity—"If I be I, he will wag his little tail"—was hope-

lessly floundering. So would any mortal be who did not know what he knew or who could not feel what he felt or who could not see what he saw! So long as we are dealing with a private and personal experience the soul's testimony is final. No one can go back of these "returns!"

But the moment we pass to matters which touch other lives, the moment a man's "intimations" have consequences which affect wide human interests, we demand some standard by which to test his openings. He may say with Isaac Penington that "the inward eye is certain," but we demand evidence that the eye is free from blur or squint. For George Fox the practical test was the *urgency* of the prompting. If an intimation was lively, vivid, and compelling, that was its sufficient guarantee. Any idea or impression which could be traced to no origin within his own consciousness was for that reason *trusted*. It could not be accounted for by human thought, therefore it came from another and higher source.

It must be confessed that his intimations generally led him right, though not always (as witness the Lichfield episode). But by no citing of examples can the urgency of the intimation be established as a safe criterion. For every instance where it has *worked* there are ten where it has proved unsafe. We are, in these days, only too familiar with the urgency of *fixed ideas* in minds otherwise perfectly sane. And these

ideas almost always seem to come from beyond the threshold of normal consciousness.

Who would say that the man who enjoys the conviction of infallibility is to have the right of way with his unwelcome opinions! We demand something more than his "It feels so to me."* Robert Barclay offers a negative test: whatever is contrary to the Scriptures may be justly rejected as false. "Whatsoever any one, pretending to the Spirit does contrary to the Scriptures may be accounted and reckoned a delusion of the devil" ("*Apology*," Prop. III., p. 86).

This will do as a sort of rough hedge to fence off extreme errors and to shut out impulses which tend toward plain immorality. But it gives no ready way to mark off spiritual illumination

* There are doubtless many persons whose inner "openings" are uniformly safe and trustworthy. By purity of heart, strict obedience, and freedom from prejudice their hearts have become in an unusual degree "stainless mirrors" for Divine truth. Like the eye of the trained artist for form, or like the ear of the skilled musician for harmony, or like the expert in any field, they have become possessors of an *insight* which is more sure than the *judgment* of the man who can marshal his ready proofs and "reasons" for his conclusions. Such a person feels no need of external tests and he hardly understands why questions on these matters are ever raised. They would not be raised if men were all spiritual geniuses! If it were possible to eliminate private twists, personal warpings, individual prejudices and local colour, the need for tests would decrease!

St. Augustine, in his "*Confessions*," B. VI. Chap. 13, says that his mother, Monica, had a certain inward taste by which she could distinguish that which came from God to her and that which came from herself. "She said she could discern, *by a certain indescribable savour*, which she could not explain in words, a difference between God's revelation and her soul's own dreams."

from "the light of common day," and a man's claim would indeed be hopeless if he found it impossible to cite Scripture for it!

Barclay's test is of course on the right track. He sees that nothing comes from God which does not fit the great moral instincts and revelations of the race, and we may well be sure that where the voice of God speaks, the call will be to work out *what ought to be*, as inspired men have proclaimed it.

In the experience of the real prophets like Fox, Penington, Barclay and Grellet, to whom the openings come with such unmistakable assurance and who were religious geniuses, gifted with an extraordinary sensitiveness of soul, the problem of a test was not a very serious one. The Spirit was its own sufficient witness.

They did not work out, nor has any of their successors worked out, the answer to the question: Where is the seat of authority in a working, active, Christian body?

The same remark can with truth be made of the founders of the Apostolic Church and of the New Testament writers. They never give an easy, ready answer to the question, "How may I know that this doctrine is sound?" "Do the will of Christ and you shall know the doctrine" is the only answer. "Obey the Inner Light," say the pillar Quakers. But how is a poor, unapostolic soul, who is no pillar, or genius, to

know that he is doing Christ's will, that his Light comes from a heavenly source ?

This the Quaker apostles do not make clear, and it is just here that the weak spot has always appeared, though the answer to the hard problem is often almost within hail through the early writings. They all knew that they *had* a safe principle, though they did not find it easy in their thousands of solidly printed pages to tell the wayfaring man precisely what it was. There are, however, some good clues which point the way to a solution which we shall now undertake to develop.

All spiritual teachers have pointed out in one way or another that the surest test of Divine guidance is to be sought in life-results. The fruit of the Spirit will always be some permanent spiritual product, such as "love, joy, peace, endurance, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control."

We must look not at the *origin* of an intimation for its justification. We shall ask rather how it will further life and tend to construct a permanent character.

It is no sufficient proof that an "opening" is of Divine origin because it happens to come from we know not where, from beyond the shadowy margin of our consciousness.* The Divine is not synonymous with the mysterious and inexplicable.

* Schopenhauer says : "Truths which we do not *remember* to have learned are regarded as innate."

Let us not repeat the blunder of consigning God to the "gaps" which experience fails to bridge.

We must test every "opening" to see if it functions towards a spiritual life. The question will be, not where did it come from, but will it unify and construct the life, will it lead to a richer personality and a more trustworthy and reliable character? Does it function toward the power of an endless life and produce *fitness* for such a life? This is to be the mark and brand of every spiritual illumination.

No opening, no guidance, no voice shall be called divine which stands apart by itself and ends in itself. It must contribute to spiritual *growth.* It must make more evident that God is actively present and vitally dynamic in this particular human life. The best proof that the seed which one plants is an acorn is that it grows into an oak.

The only test of some seeds is an examination of their life product in the developed form. This principle must always be applied to any claim to spiritual guidance. *If the thing manifested is of God it will tend to construct a unified spiritual life* which will better show the divine nature in the world.

It can be no isolated spectacle, but the orderly expansion of divine "seed" into spiritual fruit, which remains even when the special burst of Light has vanished. Life gains are permanent—

sporadic impulses are temporary, like meteor trails. The goal of all divine prompting is the formation of spiritual character and the production of a life which is inwardly strong and sound, so that the *law of the spirit of the life* shows itself to be of the divine order.

This, one may say, is not a very ready test. It would require a prophet every time to so forecast the future as to know what the effect and outcome of each special "leading" would prove to be. The great artist *knows* that his creation will have a permanent place among the art treasures of the world, because he SEES that he has contributed something to the eternal revelation of beauty.

But the ordinary painter exhibits *his* picture only to take it down after a few weeks and lay it away in his heap of rejected canvases. He could not tell whether it was great or not until the people came and looked at it. It could not stand that test of greatness. There is a sense of beauty in other men before which the picture went down.

Now the ordinary man—a class which is very inclusive—cannot easily tell whether what comes to him is from himself or from beyond. He feels a "leading," but he cannot tell whether it will permanently construct a spiritual self or mislead him, whether it will unify life or possibly unsettle things, as has often happened in human experience.

There is no little supernatural click within, which marks off his divine leadings from his

own promptings. *He must test it by the spiritual life in other men.*

"How shall I know," asks William Penn, "that a man does not obtrude his own sense upon us as the infallible Spirit?" And his answer is: "By the same Spirit."

The spirit in one man must be tested by the spirit in many men. The individual must read his inward state in the light of the social spiritual group. He is not, and he cannot be, an independent organ of God. He can have part in the divine life at all only as he is one person in one spiritually organised community.

He must therefore learn to know God's will not merely in private inward bubblings, but by genuinely sharing in a wider spiritual order through which God is showing Himself.

To realise this more adequately we must study for a few moments the bearings of social psychology. There are unmistakable indications that no self is totally insulated from other persons, however tight in his own compartment each one seems to be.

I shall pass over the great mass of testimony which points to a kind of intercommunication which may be called telepathy. We cannot yet say that telepathic communication is an established fact, though there certainly is a large collection of well-observed phenomena which cannot at present be explained on any other ground. It is possible that we are in the early stages of a

nascent function which is prophetic of a crowning race of men, who eye to eye shall look on knowledge, of a society of mutually perfect mind-readers ; but all this is too vague and airy for our solid purpose. We must not stray into the problematic, or build on any unsubstantial *perhaps*, however emphatically psychical research points to a solid ground under this more or less unillumined region.*

It has long been recognised that under some dominating leader, or under the spell of a great idea, or through the fusing of a common emotion, a group, or a crowd, or even an entire people often become almost a unity. The Crusades give the most striking exhibition of this fact. The Crusades were the act of the total consciousness of Christian Europe. No individual understood just why he went on a crusade. He could not analyse the rational ground of the movement, because he was only one conscious cell in an organic group.

A mild and gentle man goes to see a football game. He expects to be a quiet spectator and so he is for a time. But suddenly a goal is made and the tension breaks and everybody on his side of the field goes wild with enthusiasm. Hats are in the

* Personally I believe that the evidence for some kind of communication between persons at a distance—a communication which does not employ the ordinary sense machinery—is trustworthy. Those who care to pursue the subject further will find a mass of incidents in Myers' "*Human Personality and its Survival after Death.*"

air, a universal shout arises and personal consciousness is swallowed up in group consciousness, and without realising what he is doing, the mild-mannered man is shouting like an untutored Indian.

The orator in the mass meeting, the evangelist in the revival has, when the audience is at white heat, no longer individuals before him, but a social group which has fused into a unit, and personal consciousness no longer directs or inhibits. Very often such a group will do what no single individual would think of doing, if left alone.

As soon as we analyse at all our daily life we shall discover that a great number of our actions are due to the fact that we are organic parts of a group. Why do we eat with forks instead of with fingers? Why do we wear black top-hats instead of turbans? Why do we organise summer schools instead of cannibal expeditions? Why do we shake hands when we meet rather than salaam? And so on with a thousand whys. We belong to a group and the spirit of the group penetrates and possesses us. The will and custom of the group is in large measure our will and our custom.

We imitate both consciously and unconsciously, and when we are uncertain about any act whatever, we ask in one way or another how it will fit into the life of the society to which we belong.

All truth of every sort is put to a social test. I conclude that I have seen an hallucination because where I thought I saw a solid object

my three companions saw nothing at all. I am convinced that my pet scientific hypothesis must be given up, because my co-labourers in the same field declare that it does not square with facts. My conviction on any subject deepens enormously whenever I find another man alive with the same conviction.

Now, as we have seen, there are times when an entire group sees as one man, when a spirit deeper than an individual's consciousness sweeps through the mass and fuses it into a total which is not just the *sum* of the parts.

In the cases above, the kindling spark seemed to come from without. Some objective stimulus —the sepulchre of Christ, the football goal, the orator's voice, the evangelist's emotion— gave the suggestion that fused the many selves into an organic self which acted as a whole.

But may not lives be unified from within? Do groups of men and women ever feel, when together, a deeper life and a clearer perception of truth than are reached by any one individual of them alone? Coleridge once suggested that all living things might be but diverse harps which are swept by one spiritual breath:

> "What if all animated nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the soul of each and God of all?"*

* Coleridge, "*Æolian Harp.*"

The meetings of the Friends furnish weighty testimony that at least in highly developed and spiritually responsive groups there is an actual heightening of inward power and a gathered sense of truth through union, while on rare occasions there has been plain manifestation that a unifying and directing Spirit may make all who are present aware that they no longer live unto themselves, but have their being in a common central Life.

The Friends ground their conception and practice of public worship on this truth, which experience verifies. Rarely, if ever, on those occasions, where the inner Spirit fuses the body of worshippers into one whole, does any jarring utterance find voice.

When the prayer or message comes, it comes as the voice of the meeting, and every listener hears the truth proclaimed in his own tongue. Deep calls unto deep. He who would rise to utter some private, self-conceived or irrelevant word, some vagary of his own mind, would be at once recognised as out of the Spirit, and would manifest the patent fact that, though in the group, he was not of it.

In these times of high social communion, which unfortunately are all too rare, there is a most delicate sense of truth attained, and the spirit of the group can with almost unerring accuracy test the value of the "opening" which finds utterance.

Whittier has described this feature of spiritual worship in numerous poems, and he is, in modern times, the finest interpreter of the inner meaning of Quakerism.

"I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly *our common needs;*
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

* * * * * * * *

Not on one favoured forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart: in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
Where in my name meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said 'I there will be.'*

So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries,
The fear of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.

* * * * * * *

So to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught."†

* "*The Meeting.*" † *Ibid.*

One more quotation from the multitude of passages, must suffice :

> "Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
> Each waiting heart, till haply someone felt
> On his moved lips the seal of silence melt,
>
> Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
> Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
> Baptising in one tender thought the whole."*

The Friends' method of transacting the affairs of the Church is based on this principle, that all members partake of the one Spirit so that the position of any one member is to be tested by the consciousness of spiritual guidance possessed by the entire body. All important business is transacted in unity and where such unity cannot be reached the matter is either delayed or dropped.

As in the meeting for worship, so here, there is a gathering of the individuals into a unified and organic group. The man who rises to speak on a weighty matter is not a mere human atom, reciting a chance-formed opinion. He has been travailing in spirit with his fellows, and if he truly enters into the oneness of the group his word will voice more than his own thought.

Immediately, too, the sensitive meeting will discover whether his communication is "in the life" or "out of the life," and his remarks will be weighed accordingly. The conclusion of a

* "*Pennsylvania Pilgrim.*"

consideration is not arrived at by vote of any kind. The clerk simply announces "the sense of the meeting." The task is a delicate one and calls of course for a gifted person, but experience shows that the clerk who is qualified for such delicate tasks is generally able to discover the sense of a meeting, when it is really held in this manner.

If the meeting is rent by faction or is disturbed by stubborn and self-guided members the spiritual method fails to work perfectly—as would naturally be expected. But where the group is composed of spiritualised members there is generally manifested a striking ability to discern and test the real value and quality of any individual utterance or "opening." The Spirit in the speaker is judged by the Spirit in the unified group.

It was a deep insight which gave the name "*Society* of Friends" to this group of Christian believers. There is no visible head to the Society, nor in any of its local groups. There is no adopted creed or written code by which the "views" of the members are tested and settled. It is an organic spiritual group, each member partaking of the life and truth of the whole body, and making his own contribution to the progressive revelation of the truth.

It is often called an extremely democratic body. But if by "democratic" one means that the individuals may think and say and do what-

ever they choose, then it is not democratic. It is a growing organism in which every one has his free life and yet every one at the same time is subordinate to the whole.

But now we shall see at once that as any individual Friend is by himself a fragment, and capable of attaining and expressing only partial aspects of truth and life, so too is this little group of believers by itself a fragment.

The individual Friend must test his light by the larger revelation which comes to the fellowship of co-believers. How shall these co-believers test their faith and spirit? By the larger revelation which has come through prophets and apostles and saints and martyrs.

There is an unbroken fellowship of faith, a never-ending revelation of God by which every Christian body tests its faith, and in union with which it renews its life.* No accent of the Holy Ghost may be passed by. No word or life which expresses to mortal the message of the Spirit of God may be left out.

We prove best our claim to spiritual guidance to-day if we manifest the fact that we realise and are fulfilling the truth already revealed. Our word is quick and powerful in so far as it is an unbroken continuation of the Word of

* In this deeper sense the Scripture will form a permanent test of guidance, and the historical Christ will be the norm and standard of spiritual life.

God. We are in the life in so far as we are in fellowship with the saints whose hands have held the torch of truth.

Here we might perhaps stop, but there is one more point to urge. The entire truth is not to be found alone in the circle and fellowship of the "saints." No religion can be rightly called "a religion of spiritual inwardness," as Professor James has characterised Quakerism, unless it is at the same time a religion of *spiritual outwardness.*

The true test is to be sought, not in the feeling state, but in the motor-effects, which the inner state produces. How much power does the particular insight give toward spiritualising the actual world we live in, is the test question. One of the greatest tests of a truth is that it works on another person. The soul, as Professor Lyman says, must always be able "to transmute its experiences, private and personal though they are, into a social force for the spiritualisation of the human kind."

No "opening" shall be called a real heavenly vision unless it does more than produce an inward thrill, unless it does more, too, than win the "amen" of the kindred spiritual group. It must be able to make the subject who experiences it a more dynamic person in the whole of society in which he lives.

More than that. Our age is a social age. We have left a sharp individualism forever behind.

The individual is an individual only as he is a contributing member in a social group. His openings, his calls, his spiritual tasks therefore will not be thrust in upon him out of the sky; they will rather rise out of the actual needs and condition of this social group of which he is a part.

He is, then, near the Divine Life, not only where his soul touches the infinite margin within the deeps of himself, he also is near this same Divine Life wherever he touches his fellows and enters into their real problems and joys and sufferings. The call that comes from some present human need is no less a divine call than is one which breaks over the threshold within himself.

And the test now will be, Will obedience to this prompting construct not only a better person, but a better social group, a truer and a diviner fellowship?

It was here that George Fox, the first Quaker, found the severest test of his deepest insight, namely, that every man has something of God within him. The truth of it can be verified only by calling everybody to put it to the test of experience. Up and down the England of the seventeenth century he travelled, calling men of every rank and walk of life to try it, to see whether obedience to this inward Word does not organise the life and help build up a truer social order.

Men who were living worthless lives found in the message a word of life; men who had been vainly seeking for some constructive principle of truth felt a new world open as they listened. It came as a revelation to the poor toiler and to the contemplative thinker. In a lifetime, in the face of one of the most stubborn persecutions in modern times, the simple word of truth gathered more than fifty thousand persons who had tested it and were ready to stake goods and life for it.

There was a moment when one young man had the inward sense that Christ was near his soul and could speak to his condition. His heart leaped for joy and he had his high thrill of emotion. For the moment he needed no further proof. That emotion, however, could not last. It became only a dim memory.

But his spiritual insight unified his activities and gave new direction to his whole life. He became the prophet of the truth, which at first was only a personal conviction, and slowly he saw it unify other lives and organise society. The truth verified itself in operation and made that dying testimony possible: "The Seed of God reigns over all . . . the power of God is over all and the Seed reigns over all disorderly spirits." The great Quakers in all periods have looked out rather than in. They have sought social transformation rather than private, inward peace and joy.

Saintly John Woolman has given us, in a sentence, the fundamental principle: "So far as true love influences our minds, so far we become interested in God's workmanship, and feel a desire to make use of every opportunity to lessen the distress of the afflicted and to increase the happiness of creation. Here we have the prospect of *one common* interest from which our own is inseparable, so that to turn all that we possess into the channel of universal love becomes the business of our lives."

"In that day," said the Master to His disciples, "when my love is manifested in you," "ye shall know that ye are in me and I in you."

Here again, then, as we feel out for the Divine Life and the Divine sanction we find ourselves woven into a mighty social tissue through which God's life and purpose and will are slowly expressing themselves and through which every deed of ours proves its fitness. That which is "of God" in our lives and that which is revealed of Him in our word and deed must fit into this spiritual order of our common humanity and must prove its value by promoting and advancing this order. In this social fabric every deed and word is tested. That deed is *fit* which adds one more thread to the web of spiritual life, which makes the pattern in the mount more clearly visible in our actual human society.

> "So at this roaring loom of life we ply,
> And weave the garment ye see God by."

Faith as a Pathway to Reality.

"Faith is the beginning of action."
"The exercise of Faith directly becomes knowledge."
"Faith is a kind of Divine mutual and reciprocal correspondence."
"Faith is the power of God, being the strength of the truth."

SAYINGS FROM THE "*Miscellanies*"
OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

"Faith is the soul's spiritual sense." J. BRIERLEY.

"Faith is the assurance of things hoped for; the proving of things not seen." HEBREWS xi. 1.

Faith as a Pathway to Reality

FEW words have ever been compelled to bear such heavy burdens as our word "Faith." When religion has been of a high and spiritual sort, faith has had a noble meaning and a vital function; when religion has dropped to a low plane, and has been made a scheme to ferry the soul from an evil world to a peaceful paradise, faith has sunk to the level of credulity, or even superstition. When a man tells what he means by faith, we know at once what his religion is.

Faith is like patriotism. It reveals at a glance the type of one's citizenship. The gamut of patriotism, as everyone knows, has a very long sweep from its lowest to its highest note. So, too, has the gamut of faith, which, after all, is patriotism toward the spiritual order—the Kingdom of God.

Harm and havoc have always been wrought whenever the attempt has been made to treat faith as though it were the antithesis of reason—or, as the little boy in the Sunday school naïvely defined it, as "believing something which you know isn't so."

We must leave behind, too, forever the view that faith means holding an unverified opinion, or accepting something on authority, or "keeping" an heirloom of traditional thought or practice. In other words, faith is neither blind nor passive nor irrational. Let that be enough of negatives.

Faith is one of our ways of dealing with reality, and when used legitimately it is every whit as valid as knowledge is, using "knowledge" for the moment in the narrow sense.* Knowledge, *i.e.*, knowledge of description, can deal only with that which is limited, bounded, quantitative.

Every object which we *know* is somewhere in space. If it is accurately, that is to say, scientifically, known, it can be completely described. But a description seizes only the general and quantitative aspects. The world of reality is surely richer than it appears when science has reduced it to description, for descriptive science totally ignores all estimates of worth or value in what it describes.

* "Faith does not controvert any of the conclusions of science that have been reasonably verified or that have any hope of verification. It does not require science to prove any peculiar conclusions of its own. But *it values its own experience as knowledge.* It has experienced the reality and power of infinite love and righteousness. It has the conviction empirically verified that the world is the work of God and is realising His ends. For science to deny the reality of these experiences of faith, and to insist that they are not knowledge, is pure dogmatism. . . . Ultimately science must recognise the primacy of faith."—EUGENE W. LYMAN, on "*Faith and Mysticism*," *American Journal of Theology*, for July, 1904.

The process of description, when it goes to the bitter end, squeezes the last drop of life blood out of the phenomenon, whatever it may be. Description rigidly accounts for everything and chains everything fast in the bonds of law and causality. There is no more scope here for free activity, for mystic suggestion or for spiritual values than there is for vegetation on an iceberg in the far northern seas.

When science undertakes to describe religion, as anyone may see in the books, it is never what the religious soul *means* by it as an inward experience. Descriptions of religion in terms of origin leave it as unspiritual as the fossils in a chalk down.

But descriptions in terms of physiology are hardly more like the living experience. Conversion becomes a phenomenon of adolescence. Spiritual openings appear as forms of hysteria due to nervous degeneration. The highest states of adoration or worship are reduced to bodily states and finally are described as molecular motion—to be catalogued as the same sort of facts as light waves in ether!

A moment's reflection shows that neither here, nor indeed anywhere, does science give actual reality. Consciousness is not the same thing as the describable dance of brain cells. Redness is not the same thing as four hundred billions of ether oscillations a second.

Religion is not the same thing as this juiceless description by the anthropologist or psychologist. The best that science can do is to give us objects stark dead, cold and rigid. It transforms whatever it describes and leaves it utterly stripped of worth.

To science the microbe has the same worth as the genius who is killed by it. It asks only *what is:* not *what ought to be.* Its region is the region of bare facts ; not of ideals, of ends, of purposes.

But nobody can actually live in such a bare dry world as this. We *have* will-attitudes. We stain the white radiance of intellect with emotional colour. The heart will not keep silent. Every act reveals the fact that things *do* have worth, that we care more for this than for that.

The whole drama of our destiny is swayed by conscious purposes, life ends. The most poverty-stricken person who is dragging out his existence in this vale of tears has an *ideal* which will work effectively in the next decision he makes. He puts an estimate of worth upon all the situations he deals with. Nothing is ever, for him or for any self conscious being, a mere describable *that.*

Doubtless man could have been made so that consciousness would have ended in such bare knowledge. But *so* he has not been made. There is always something in the depths of our constitution which outruns " knowledge."

Description, be it ever so accurate, never tells the whole truth. No, we all have another door

to reality besides this door of knowledge. There is a kingdom of ends. Every item of experience is tested by a standard of worth. Every fact either fits some purpose, or it does not. It is either good for our ends or it is not good, and we act toward it accordingly.

When we say we "know" an object, we generally mean that we have an estimate of its worth, that we *appreciate* it, and not that we can describe it. I say, "I know my friend." I do not mean that I can give such an exact description of him that no element or aspect of his being is left out. I mean rather that I have discovered and appreciated his ideals. I have felt his sympathy and love. I have somewhat entered into his spirit. I have a well grounded estimate of his worth. In a word, *I believe in him.*

By which method do I most genuinely arrive at his reality; by the descriptive method, or by the appreciative method? For identifying him, a scar on his arm or a wax impression of his thumb would perhaps be sufficient.

But for my purposes it is wide of the mark! I have come upon his reality by successive testing of his worth as fast as I appreciated it. Each act of his reveals a character which I appreciate, a spirit which I feel, a goodness which runs far beyond just this present act. I thus learn to trust him, to count on him, to value his ideal. I put my estimate upon him. His daily needs, his

ordinary actions, his life in a word, confirms me. Each time I see him facing the situations of his life I find him doing what I expected and prophesied of him, I discover anew the reliability of his spirit. My estimate of worth thus becomes enriched, and what once was a faith of insight is transformed to a faith of experience, a faith of surety, a practised faith.

I am as far as ever from the knowledge of description—I have no wax impression or catalogue account of his inner life—but I have found it by my sense of value, my power of appreciation, and I have tested its reality by practical experience. This is what we mean by *faith.*

Even science itself follows this method. I cannot move a step without starting with a truth which is unproved. There can be no science at all without assuming the uniformity of nature, *i.e.*, that laws and principles which work to day in this part of the universe will hold equally well at any remote time in any part of the universe.*

Then, again, we must begin with a belief that the many particular things which we study belong to a total whole, that spite of the diversity there is ultimate unity. Further still we must

* "The principle of uniformity in nature . . . has to be *sought* under and in spite of the most rebellious appearances; and our conviction of its truth is far more like a religious faith than like an assent to a demonstration."—PROF. WILLIAM JAMES, "*Psychology*," Vol. II, pp. 636, 637.

have faith in the rationality of the universe. We could not even start to have a science if we admitted that the universe might just possibly be "an insane sand heap."

But who will prove to me that there are relation and significance and system and unity and intelligibility in every minutest detail of this endless congeries of nebula, comet, sun, satellite, planet, earth history, brain-cell, will-impulse and heart's desire which we are trying to reduce to order? Nobody. I *need* that truth to start my work with. I feel that in that sign I can conquer. I see its value for my purpose and I make my venture of faith.

Who knows whether sensations give any true report about a world outside. Who will prove for us the dogma of universal causation? Who will establish the *necessary* operation of laws? Why, nobody! Doubt these things at your peril! You need them as furniture for your journey. You cannot start without them. They must be presupposed, taken at a venture and used.

By a sweep of insight the mind transcends what is seen and known, and seizes these principles because of their worth for its ends. But see how they gather weight as they are tested!

Every fact of science has been established by means of them. Every advance in the long history of progressive knowledge has tested

these principles. They are no longer assumptions; they are the very keel and backbone of our surest and soundest knowledge. But we have come to knowledge only because we practised our faith. Both science and religion regard verification as the final court of appeal.

There is one realm of our life which exists for us *only* through our power of appreciation, our sense of worth, namely, our world of beauty. Here at least we find what we carry with us. The carpenter can tell us how many square inches there are to the canvas of the Sistine Madonna. The chemist can tell the exact composition of the paint. The sociologist can perhaps explain how it was that in this particular century men painted Madonnas, and so on. But it is totally another thing to feel the power and the beauty of this creation. The beautiful cannot be reduced to anything but just itself. It is its own excuse for being.

Description does not help us here. We are following another path to reality. We possess a capacity, fundamental and original as our capacity for "knowledge," by which we appreciate the indescribable worth of things.

An object is beautiful for us when we discover that it is as it ought to be. The outer and the inner fit. But that means of course that we carry our own standard with us. We interpret the world by our ideals of fitness and worth.

At first our beauty-sense is very crude. It is hardly more than an instinct—a tendency to grasp in the object some aspect of it which gives joy and relieves us from the poverty of the bare actual. Our own lives are too rich to be satisfied with bare, finite things, and we *trust* our need for something more perfect. In the world we see, we look for something which satisfies us and is sufficient for us. And behold, as we trust this sense, step by step it organises a world for us which is no less real than this imperfect one which our hands touch and our eyes see. We soon discover that we have added a new world to our domain.

Our neighbour may pay taxes on his field, and own it in freehold, but in a very true sense it is *ours*, because we have learned to appreciate its beauty and to possess its inalienable worth. Through our appreciation, that field has become a window into an eternal reality. This is just the characteristic of a beautiful object, that it hints and suggests the infinite and carries us into a world which is as it ought to be. It brings "the invisible full into play."

But such a world is not thrust upon us from without. It is won by obedience to and trust in our need of such a world, our capacity for a perfect unity, our growing standard of worth. Our faith at first is trust in our own capacity to find what we need. But as we act upon it this

implicit faith comes back to us enriched. It builds a world for us,

> "Where with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

We find what we have sought, a world not made out of things which do appear, the real pattern in the mount.

The presuppositions of science are justified because they organise knowledge; the sense of beauty proves its value by constructing a world of deeper reality in which we find, actually, what the describable world never gives us.

There is still another way of estimating the world which points to a still more ultimate realm of things. All our rational acts presuppose faith in goodness. We act each time to attain an end which before was ideal and existed only for faith. The moment it is attained it brings with it a new vision of a farther good beyond. To be a person means to act for ends which we believe are good, to live under the sway of an ideal.

Now this kind of a life is never for a minute possible without faith—first of course in the value of the immediate ideal.

But more than that; it presupposes faith in a whole of goodness.* As we saw, there can be

* "The necessary postulate of science, without which scientific activity would be impossible, is the rational order of the universe; and similarly, the necessary postulate of religion, without which religious activity would be impossible, is a moral order

no rationality in one single fact except as it belongs in a unity whose principle is rationality. There can be no beauty except as the single object gives us a revelation of an integral whole. Isolate an act, break it apart, let it suggest nothing beyond the deed and it loses its meaning. It is good only because it ministers to more goodness. We act for an end, and as far as we do it rationally, we act because we believe in goodness. The deed is not forced *from behind.* We have acted because we had a consideration of worth, because we exercised faith in the reality of a goodness which we sought.

Being made as we are, no will-acts are possible without such an assumption—such a venture of faith. It is a necessity of the nature of things. To be moral is to postulate goodness. This faith is grounded in the imperative demand of our being.

Genuine faith, such as we care to talk about here, means, therefore, *the will to act as though we knew, for the sake of an end which we seek.* To believe a truth is, then, to act as though it were

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of the universe. As science postulates the final triumph of reason, so religion must postulate the final triumph of righteousness. Science *believes* in the rational order, or in law in spite of apparent confusion; she knows that disorder is only apparent, only the result of ignorance; and her mission is to show this by reducing all appearances, all phenomena, to law. So also religion is right in her unshakable belief in the moral order, in spite of apparent disorder and evil; she knows that evil is only apparent, the result of our ignorance and our weakness; and her mission is to show this by helping on the triumph of moral order over disorder."—PROFESSOR LECONTE, in his Essay in Royce's "*Conception of God,*" pp. 70-71.

known to be true. This sort of faith is easily capable of test. Whether it begins as an instinct —like the mother bird brooding on a nestful of eggs which her experience has never seen hatched—or as an imitation, or as a response to authority, in any case, its test of validity will be, that *it organises and realises an actual goodness for us.*

It causes action which builds something into our world of true reality. The faith in what was not seen enabled us to win it. Again, in this sign we conquer. Our victories are all due to our belief in goodness at the heart of things.

Behold now, how the outcome of this trust piles up evidence for the reality of goodness, how each act enlightens us with the demonstration of experience. The spiritual energy which comes into play confirms the faith which made it possible. Faith manifests its validity at each step.

But we cannot stop at " goodness " as though it were a thing-in-itself. There is no rationality apart from Reason, and there can be no goodness except as the expression of the will and purpose, the heart and character of a self-conscious Being.

The entire progress of the race toward goodness, belongs to the eternal nature of things. And that is only another way of saying that the living God *is* the eternal nature of things, that the spirit in us corresponds with an Absolute Self-conscious Life in whom all our ideals of worth and goodness

are at once realities, and all our valuations are fulfilled.

Our own life, if it is to have meaning and significance and value at all, compels such faith. By an inner necessity we must trust in a permanent goodness in order to complete ourselves, we must believe in the permanence of values in order to act upon our coercive sense of values, and that implies that we are already living by an inexpugnable sense of an Infinite Being in whose life we are.

But faith should not stop at this implicit stage, where one trusts even beyond his knowing that he trusts. "Do not even the publicans the same?" It may begin, as we have seen, in an instinct, it may *unconsciously* organise our moral purposes for us, but on this level it always remains more or less blind.

No person is truly spiritual until he knows why he acts, until he passes from an instinctive to a conscious choice, based upon an insight into the significance of the act. Thus faith should steadily pass over from this belief in the permanence of values by which we live to a personal and conscious relation of the soul with God.

Faith begins with a trust in the goodness which is dimly shadowed forth in the world we see, but it changes into an inner principle of spiritual relationship which makes the divine Life no less certain than is the consciousness of our own finite existence.

The revelation of God is like the revelation of music. Music is revealed, can be revealed, only through a musician. It comes to be reality, to be influencing power, a subduing and controlling force only as an appreciative mind seizes and expresses the meaning and value of harmony. To the musician himself, the world of harmony which he blindly felt at first as he laboriously toiled to master his instrument has now become a reality not a whit less real than are the scenery and circumstance of his life of sense.

He knows that while he is contributing his skill to express some melodious creation, the great laws of harmony, the principles of beauty in sound, are not *his* creation ; he has merely spelled out and uttered a fragment of an eternal harmony which stretches on beyond his highest reach of skill and capability to express.

But he *knows* it as far as he is the organ of its expression ; he has discovered it as far as he can appreciate it. His faith means a trust in " the more yet," beyond that which in his inmost self he knows and can make others know. His faith is evidence of things not seen.

Somewhat so does our faith in God undergo a heightening. At first faith is an instinctive hunger for more than our present life realises. We feel in some dim way our contact with a world of spiritual reality and we begin to appreciate it. There is an imperative demand of our being for a perfect

to supplement our imperfection, and like the musician we venture our act of faith. We *act* on the faith that there is an absolute Being who will share His life with us and who will confirm our timid faith.

Well, this venture of faith, which the soul's native hunger sets in action, gets its reward. It finds an object which meets its need. It appropriates into its own life some of that goodness which before seemed outside and foreign to it. It knows now of a Divine Being, at least as much as its act of faith has appropriated. This act too has increased its spiritual energy for further effort of a similar sort. The validity of faith has stood a test. Thus the process goes on. Little by little a new self appears which this venture of faith builds up.

The goodness which once seemed so remote and foreign begins to show its actuality *in us*. The world of spiritual reality and of perfect goodness which we believed in at first because we needed it, has confirmed itself to us and is now in some slight measure getting expression through us. What we thus appreciate and appropriate into our own sphere of life comes to have the same reality that our own inner consciousness has.

But all the time this *tested faith* is giving us suggestions and prophecies of infinite Life and goodness yet unattained and unwon, beyond us, as that world of harmony is beyond any given

attainment of the musician who knows that he has found the key to the realm.

The same thing is illustrated by our definitely Christian faith. At first we have a lot of pictorial images of Christ ; then we learn from others the significance of His life in terms of doctrine, and little by little it begins to dawn upon us what this life really means in itself. We dwell no longer on this text or that, on this particular incident or that.

We come to *estimate* the Life as a Life. We begin to discover how it fits our need. We see how it would necessarily affect us if all this Gospel were actually true. We set to living in the light of it and under its mighty attraction, and lo ! we see something new come into us.

Once more the ancient miracle is worked anew —the love of Christ constraineth *us* to leave our old self and go to living for Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. We go from the belief in a report to an experience of power at work upon us.

Faith is thus a spiritual process which produces a religion as " first-hand " as is the religion founded on mystical experiences.

Our faith, then, is on its higher side an actual appropriation of the Divine Life, a positive realisation of spiritual goodness, which steadily moves toward a conscious relationship of the soul to God. God is then no longer foreign and merely accepted on authority. He becomes the operative Life that organises a spiritual life in us, and faith

at this stage is the consciousness that our life is hid with Christ in God, that in Him we live and move and *are*.

The God of our faith is for ever linked in with our own lives. We believe in Him because we find Him. He is as close to us as is the ideal which moves us to action—all our spiritual gains reveal His presence.

We know now as much as we have appreciated and realised in our own lives, and that gives us solid ground for the faith that we may eternally go on knowing the God whom our faith has revealed to us, and becoming more possessed of this life which organises our own. The isolation which first gave birth to our venture of faith is past. The foreignness of God is gone. We have found our life in the Source of it, as the branch does in the vine.

> "O Power, more near my life than life itself
> (Or what seems life to us in sense immured)
> Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
> Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
> Of sunshine and wide air and wingèd things
> *By sympathy of nature*, so do I
> Have evidence of Thee so far above
> Yet in and of me! Rather Thou the root
> Invisibly sustaining, hid in light
> Not darkness, or in darkness made by us."
>
> LOWELL'S "*Cathedral*."

The Self and the Over-Self.

"Afresh I seek thee. Lead me—once more I pray—
Even should it be against my will, thy way.
Let me not feel thee foreign anyhow,
Or shrink from thee as an estranged power.
Through doubt, through faith, through bliss, through stark dismay,
Through sunshine, wind or snow, or fog or shower,
Draw me to thee who art my only day.

"Ever above my coldness or my doubt
Rises up something, reaching forth a hand:
This thing I know, but cannot understand,
Is it the God in me that rises out
Beyond myself, trailing it up with Him,
Toward the spirit-home, the freedom-land,
Beyond my conscious ken, my near horizon's brim?"

GEORGE MACDONALD'S "*Diary of an Old Soul.*"

The Self and the Over-Self.

NOBODY can even begin to answer the question, "Who am I?" without seriously taking up a cosmic task. There is never an idea or a will-act in the private life of any person which can be explained by itself or in itself. Do we love or hate; do we feel scorn or pity; are we ambitious or discouraged? Every such attitude carries us beyond a "bare self."

We can explain the movements of the earth in space only by looking away to a larger cosmos in which the earth is interrelated with many other gravitate bodies. We can account for the remarkable functions of a brain-cell only as we study the entire brain system in which this single cell is an organic member.

So, too, of the private, personal self. To be a self is to be united to a wider consciousness than that of which one is momentarily aware. All consciousness involves an appeal to more consciousness. There is not a single item of reality which can be verified without drawing upon experience, which is not just now *my* experience.

Whether it is the reality of the multiplication table or a promise in Scripture which I seek to establish, I must rely upon something not at this moment *known* in my own immediate and private consciousness.

Experience means nothing unless it is always embedded in and organic with more experience. Cut any moment of experience apart from its relationships with larger experience, and it becomes forthwith as dead as the lava in the moon.

We can neither affirm nor deny, believe nor doubt, without falling back upon some wider consciousness which we trust. If we are not to stand stock still in petrified agnosticism we must find our way to an Experience which embraces all our private experiences in organic unity and of which they are living parts.*

Now the fact is that every state of consciousness implies such a reality. Every partial experience requires a whole to explain it. Even our sense of finiteness which comes in every state of knowing or feeling or willing is big with significance. There are many persons who appear to be haunted with an immediate sense of the infinite. "I was

* "To base a truth on experience is a loose manner of talking, not one whit better than the alleged Indian foundation of the earth on the elephant, and the elephant erected on the tortoise. For by Experience is meant experiences; and these rest one upon another, one upon another, till at length, if this be all that holds them together, the last hangs unsupported and with its superincumbent load ready to drop in the abyss of Nought." —WALLACE, "*Prolegomena to Hegel's Logic*," p. 168.

aware," says one of these mystics, "that I was immersed in the infinite ocean of God."* There is plenty of testimony which points in this direction, and many of us have had our moments when the whole of things was at least as real to us as is our "tiny spark of being."

But we are not now dealing with mystical testimony. We are searching for the implications involved in normal consciousness. There is a steady testimony to the fact that every person discovers himself to be finite, his present pleasure to be insufficient, his attainment incomplete.

Whatever is "given" at any moment is too poor and limited for us. To be human is to discover one's finiteness.

> "We look before and after
> And pine for what is not."

Now what does this sense of finiteness imply? "We grant," says Emerson, "that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it is mean?" There must be an infinite aspect to a person who has a knowledge of finiteness.

Finiteness means nothing except by reference to the infinite. The mind which pronounces its "states" finite and which discovers the things of this world to be vain and fleeting can make those judgments only by a criterion which transcends the finite. An absolutely finite being—the cicada singing its hour on a blade of grass, for instance

* J. Trevor, "*My Quest for God*," p. 268.

—would never be *aware* of finiteness. To know a limit is to have passed it. To be conscious of incompleteness is to partake of the fulness of life.

Nothing is more certain, more surely a fact, than that every state of consciousness transcends its finitude, goes beyond its own limits and *is what it is because of the more yet which will explain and fulfil it.* Every " now " of consciousness demands a " beyond " for its meaning, and if the " beyond " is not real, then the " now " has no reality. The truth is that the finite and the infinite can never be sundered.

An infinite set over against the finite would be limited and so not infinite at all. Neither could be real alone, apart. That consciousness which knows finitude is joined into a life which is infinite and eternal. Our finite is found by marking off and isolating for our momentary purpose something which is real only in the infinite whole.

Our finite is thus always set in an unexplored infinite which contains in its inexhaustible stores our bit of a self ; our life is always hid in a deeper life. The unity of personal consciousness which is aware of finiteness involves in itself infiniteness.

This comes more clearly to light when we study the pursuit of an ideal—an unrealised good. We could not start on the pursuit after a *good* if we did not in some degree possess the good which we seek. We must at least know enough about it to want it. There would assuredly be

no ideals for any of us, if we were not inseparably united to something higher than ourselves, something " inherently kith and kin " to our own lives.

Here again we may discover how true it is that we are fragments of a larger Life, that our conscious self does not comprise the whole of us. The " ought to be " toward which we all, as persons, live always runs ahead of any actual " is." That is a primary characteristic of personality. To stay satisfied in any attainment and to reduce life to an actual describable fact would be to lose one's soul, to come to an end of personality. A person is a being who is living toward an unrealised purpose, an unattained ideal.

But that purpose, that ideal, is already *coercive*, it is dynamic, it is causative. It is already something to be reckoned with. In order to be an actual ideal for me, it must be *real* for somebody. It is like and yet it is unlike a lost word for which I seek and which, though now beyond the margin of my conscious self, I shall recognise as mine as soon as I come to it in some deeper stratum where it hides. I could have neither the sense of the lost word nor the vision of a " further good," if my conscious self of the moment were the whole of me.

In one case I am haunted by a self that has been, and in the other case by a self that may be, by a self that *should* be. If the " lost " word is a reality and is even now known in the fringe of

consciousness, so too is the ideal already a reality and actual to the Self in whose life I share.

Isolate my life and reduce me to a "bare self" and all my strivings and seekings would cease. I aspire and pursue larger quests because I am rooted and grounded in a larger Self. This is the meaning of Pascal's saying which has already been quoted, Thou wouldst not seek God if thou hadst not already found Him.

No man can think, no man can be a person and not in himself perceive,

> "Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
> Or on the hillside, always unforewarned,
> A grace of being, finer than himself
> That beckons and is gone,—*a larger life*
> *Upon his own impinging* with swift glimpse
> Of spacious circles luminous with mind,
> To which the ethereal substance of his own
> Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
> Touched to a sudden glory round the edge."*

There is more than "poetry" here. Each slenderest act of ours, done with purpose, involves more mind than we consciously put into the act.

The partial, transient deed has a *meaning* which transcends our "reasons" for it, and is a temporal expression of a purpose which can be accounted for only through the aim or thought of *a whole life*, of which this deed is a tiny aspect.

Every concrete act is significant because it translates into common language the sacred

* Lowell, "*The Cathedral.*"

universal—in other words, each *good* which we seek is an aspect of THE GOOD.

One reason why life is so full of tragedy is that we know so little what we really *want* and that we never quite see all that any choice of our own involves. We cannot analyse this want of the moment and discover all that lies in it. That is to say, every purpose is a fragment of a larger whole. The child wants sugar-plums; he is ignorant that toothache and other pains go with them. The young man wants exact scholarship and a character which men will trust; he does not foresee, or only in a dim way, all the drudgery of daily lessons, the patient search for facts, the close and narrow restraint of discipline which such an aim involves.

Even foolish seekers for "goods"—like the drunkard, who takes his woefully short cut to a moment of fulness of life—all want to transcend some finite limitation, and they miss their aim because they fail to discover what is inherently bound up in that particular choice. They do not see how *this deed* is organic with a whole life, and less still how this life is organic with the eternal nature of things which they must learn by experience.

Nothing finally turns out to be "good" which does not lead on into more good, nothing which does not minister to an expanding purpose. But that means surely that we could seek good ends

only by belonging in a larger Life which already possesses the Good. We discover the *good* by discovering the purposes of the Self in whose life we share. We pursue the good because in some measure we already possess it.

In short, *goodness* means that finite lives are organic members of a One Self which includes these finite selves of ours. As far as we "isolate" our aims and seek ends that terminate in our own narrow selfhood, we "lose" our lives. The good we seek is too partial and fragmentary to construct a true self.

As far, on the contrary, as we aim at some universal and expanding good—an ideal which actually ministers to the life of man—we shall find that we have been working out the will of a Being who has been taking us ever more deeply into Himself.

Our moral purposes, thus, imply that we have an organic life in one spiritual Self. Our relations with an *external world* also point toward the same conclusion. Here in this external world we work out our purposes. Our duties are all born here. In this sphere of the actual world, which blocks or furthers our wishes, we get all our moral discipline.

Its great machinery conquers us, and we turn out to be cowards and weaklings; we overcome its blows and buffetings and we are counted heroic and worthy of the palm. A world which

has such deep and intimate relations with our inner life cannot be altogether *foreign* to us. In some close way it fits our purposes, and it often ministers to us best when it defeats our easy, momentary wishes. "The meanest flower that blows" has significance. The faintest star of the sky *says something* to the wise man. The outer and the inner fit. Why do they fit? What makes the outer world so full of significance? It is because both outer and inner are related parts of one deeper whole. Either alone would be unreal and fragmentary.

Whenever we examine any object of the external world we are surprised to find how much of it turns out to be *thought-stuff*. Whatever we *know* about it, we express in terms of mind. Colour is a mental affair. So too are all the other qualities by which we describe any "thing."

What an object would be apart from any eye to see its colour, apart from any ear to hear its sound, apart from any hand to feel its roughness and hardness, apart from any mind to discover a use and purpose for it, of all that we are forever ignorant. The "things" in our world are things about which we have ideas. Their reality is always a reality for our consciousness.

Strip away all my ideas from any known object —for instance, this crowbar—take away all the thought-stuff, reduce it to its own naked reality. What does it become? I can say nothing about it.

It is not in *my* world any longer. It has become unknowable, for I can know a "thing" only so far as I can get some mental material about it.

A crowbar which was neither coloured, nor cold, nor hard, nor long, nor inflexible, would be a very uncanny instrument! It would be like a smile without any face.

No, the objects of our world are objects which are known in our thought, and which can be described in terms of ideas so as to be known by all minds like our own. Name any object and it becomes my object—my mind is full of ideas about it; I think its qualities; I become conscious of its value and it influences my will. In short it is completely related to my mind.

Everybody feels the absurdity of attempting to cut off a stick so as to have only one end to it, or to get a board so thin that it has only one side! *That* is no more absurd than to separate a thing from a thinker, an object from a subject. There is no reality to any world unrelated and foreign to a self that knows it. That would be a stick with only one end!

But equally impossible is it to have a subject without an object—a knower without a something known. Every idea is an idea about an object. A consciousness that *thinks nothing* should rather be called unconsciousness. No subject, no object; no object, no subject. The mind without a world for its object would be the other end of that impos-

sible stick! The person who withdraws from the world to dwell in the quiet deeps of his own wonderful self, where *no object of thought* distracts him, fails just in so far as he succeeds; for the attainment of that purpose would be the annihilation of conscious selfhood.

The primary fact of self consciousness is the unity of subject and object. The self as knower cannot be severed from the object known, the object known cannot be severed from a knower. They are indivisibly present in every state of consciousness. Solomon might as well undertake to make two living babies by cutting in two the poor mother's child as for us to try to get two separable worlds by setting the ego, or knower, on one side, and the non ego, or object world, on the other, each as a thing by itself. Outer and inner are for ever one, not two. As well try to make two independent things out of the convex and concave sides of the sky! In every pulse of consciousness there is an outer and an inner aspect.

Thought can abstract one aspect—let us say the outer—and think of it as though it *were* real alone. But by itself it is a *mere abstraction* and not an ultimate reality at all. The ultimate reality is a unified consciousness of self and object, in which consciousness object and subject form a concrete system. We may as well stop talking of anything, whether it be a fact or a world system, which is assumed to be and to exist outside and

beyond consciousness. Fly whithersoever one may, he finds nothing which is not unified with the consciousness which knows it, and which is not inseparable from that consciousness. Everywhere outer and inner fit. Everywhere subject and object are in one living pulse of thought.

The world of nature and law, the world which seems so rigid and solid and material and really bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—every least bit of the stuff out of which it is woven is thought stuff. Take away what is mental and

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a rack behind."

Yes, but out of whose thought is it woven? This finite, private self of mine is surely no world creator. I find myself in a stubborn world order to which I must fit myself. It may be thought stuff, but it long antedated my arrival, and it sweeps infinitely beyond my little scope. I can only play with a few pebbles on the shore. I can only spell out by slow experience the facts which are forced upon me without anyone saying, "By your leave!"

My purposes are often fickle and capricious. I make up my will and then unmake it. Not so is this larger world in which I live and through which I discover the system of the universe and

the purpose of the Infinite. Here there is rigidity and regularity. Here there is law and order. Even in the flux and flow of things there is a mighty purpose which does not vary. Whether I like the course of things or not, the stream moves on. I adjust myself to it as best I can. There is a will deeper than mine at the heart of things. There is a wisdom infinitely transcending mine which "sculptures the globes of the firmament and writes the moral law," a higher Reason whose thought appears in "the choir of heaven and the furniture of heart."

I find myself in a cosmic system. I have so far spelled out only a very little of its meaning. Whenever I reach a new fact, I discover that it is enfolded in a setting of mystery, still waiting to be explored. I am surely a fragment and every experience of mine points to an infinite possibility of future experiences.

But every experience which I *do* have links into my own consciousness and makes a fact for me some truth which must already before have been real for a larger Mind of which I partake. Bare possibilities of experience are nothing. Whatever is a possibility of experience for me is so because it is already an actual reality for somebody.

We must either admit something like this, or give up trying to verify any knowledge which we as individuals gain or possess. Suppose that I have an idea of an object. If this so called

"object" is not only outside and beyond my private mind, but also outside and beyond any mind in which I share, what proof can I ever get that the idea is like its "object"?

And further, if the object is *outside of mind,* how can an idea which is a mental affair ever be like something which is, by supposition, not a mental affair? We have seen that so far as we do know anything we know it, not apart from, but in our consciousness; but whenever an idea of ours aims to correspond with some fact beyond, it always implies that we know enough about the said fact to have vital relations with it. As we come to know it deeper we see that it verifies our first dim meaning about it; or it refuses to verify it, as is often the case.

This is another instance like our search for a lost word. Our fragmentary self of the moment knows enough about the word to go to the wider self, in whose keeping it is, to get it and it knows enough to verify it when it finds it. The name that is being sought is already a real mental fact somewhere within the zone of our own personal life, though in a deeper stratum than that in which we are now dwelling. The self that discovers the name includes both the seeking self and the finding self, and it knows that the thing found was the thing sought.

So, too, every "object" which we seek to know, if it is an object which has reality in the nature

of things, is already a mental fact in the life of that large Self in whom we share. We seek it because we partake of Him, and because there is inherent relationship between the self which seeks and the self which possesses and verifies the thing sought. Every idea, as well as every ideal and every intimation of finiteness, points to an organic interrelation between our private, fragmentary personality and a Divine Person who manifests a bit of His life at our minute focus point.

Every fact of the personal life involves, as we have seen, a social relationship—a personal life is a fragment in a larger group. But we cannot stop at this group of finite selves. There could be no society without realities which are grounded in a consciousness which transcends the entire group of selves—this group is only a fragment. There are cosmic facts and possibilities, cosmic laws and prophecies which must already be known in a larger Life, or our present social life with its spiritual values and moral significance could not be.

The person who would take an absolutely agnostic view and seriously question the reality of an infinite Companion must, if he plays fair, deny that anything is real beyond the momentary seemings of his private consciousness. Under such agnosticism science and morality must crumble as well as religion, and we are left with no distinction between waking and dreaming. It is *all* illusion and maya.

Either there is no significance in this moment's experience, or it is an organic fact in the total whole of the cosmic consciousness. A God sitting aloof, in splendid isolation, would not help us out of this difficulty. He would be no explanation of our seekings and findings, He would in no way account for a world which in some strange way is bound up in a unity with our own lives—He would be forever an unknowable God.

We could neither prove His existence nor be sure of any tidings which might purport to come from Him. Such a view severs the cosmos into two irrational halves. It gives us an unspiritual natural world on one side and an unknowable supernatural on the other side. The great gulf is fixed.

The moment we come back to the adamantine fact of the unity of consciousness and realise that the reality of the world outside us and the significance of the life within us demand a deeper conscious Life in which ours is hid, our agnosticism must go. Unless we are prepared to be deniers through and through and to write " mene " on both the outer and the inner world, we must admit the reality of an infinite Self who is the Life of our lives and that every little inlet of human consciousness opens into the total whole of reality.*

* " We are rising to the conviction that we are a part of nature, and so a part of God ; that the whole creation—the One and the Many and All-One—is travelling together toward some great end ; and that now, after ages of development, we have

Cut up a magnet into pieces and each piece is as much a magnet as the whole was—the polarity which was manifested in the whole is manifested in the minutest fragment. So, too, our slenderest idea, our restless seeking for the infinite, our feeblest pursuit after an ideal are mighty facts, for they show that the infinite is already present in the finite and we bear the marks—however dimly—of Him in whom we live:

> "One undivided soul of many a soul
> Whose nature is his own divine control
> Where all things flow to all as rivers to the sea."

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at length become conscious portions of the great scheme, and can co-operate in it with knowledge and with joy. We are no aliens in a stranger universe governed by an outside God; we are parts of a developing whole, all enfolded in an embracing and interpenetrating love, of which we too, each to other, sometimes experience the joy too deep for words."—OLIVER LODGE, in the *Hibbert Journal*, April, 1904, p. 475.

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